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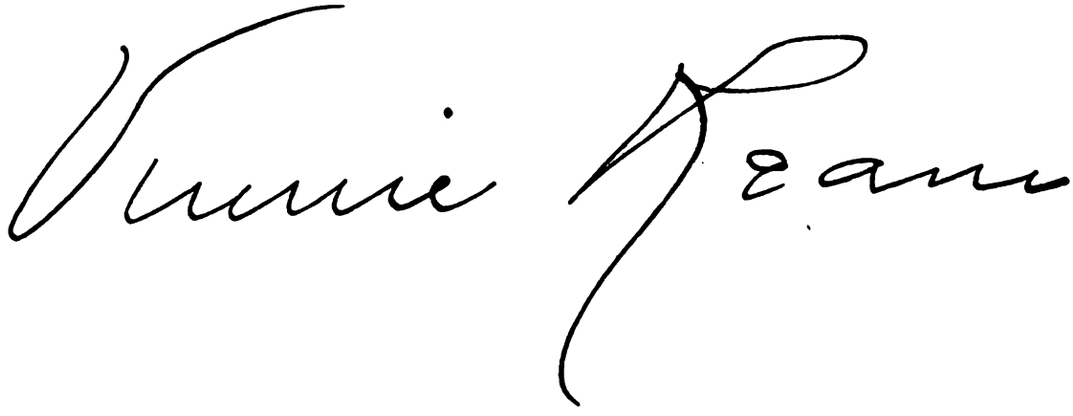

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1908.

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PRESS OF GIBSON BROS.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1908

Vinnie Ream

From a painting by General George C. Bingham.

(From the original manuscript.)

Washington, D. C., April, 1866.

To Whom it May Concern:

The undersigned, members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, and others, being personally acquainted with Miss Vinnie Ream, take great pleasure in endorsing her claims upon public patronage, no less as a most worthy and accomplished young lady, than as possessing rare genius in the beautiful art of sculpture. Among her works, a bust of the late President Lincoln, a statuette of General Grant, a figure of "Spartacus," "The Indian Girl," "The Dying Standard Bearer," and the "Violet," have received the highest critical praise. In addition to these, Miss Ream has executed busts and medallions of many prominent men: Hon. Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, Hon. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, Senator Sherman of Ohio, Senator Nesmith of Oregon, Hon. D. W. Voorhees of Indiana, General Green Clay Smith of Kentucky, Hon. Richard Yates of Illinois, Governor Fletcher of Missouri, Hon. Jas. S. Rollins of Missouri, General R. B. Van Valkenburgh of New York, and Horace Greeley, being regarded most favorably. Some of these works have a place in the National Capitol, and all evince a rare order of talent.

As Americans, we should feel a national pride in Miss Ream, and a desire to aid her in the development of her unquestionable genius. Fitly sustained, we feel every confidence that she will excel in her profession, and, with age and experience, rank her name with those who have already won high places in America's temple of art.

(Signatures of the President of the United States and others.)

Andrew Johnson, President.
U. S. Grant, General, U. S. Army.
J. W. Barnes, Surgeon-General, U. S. Army.
Hugh McCullough, Secretary of the Treasury.
O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior.
Henry Stanbery, Attorney-General.
Schuyler Colfax, Speaker House Representatives.

(Signatures of Senators of the United States.)

E. G. Ross.
Reverdy Johnson.
Richard Yates.
J. R. Doolittle.
Garrett Davis.
Wm. Sprague.
Ira Harris.
Z. S. Chandler.
Henry Wilson.
Luke P. Poland.
Jas. Harlan.
J. W. Nesmith.
John Sherman.
S. C. Pomeroy.
T. O. Howe.
Thos. Hendricks.
Edgar Cowan.
H. B. Anthony.
P. G. Van Winkle.
B. F. Wade.
Geo. H. Williams.
Jas. W. Nye.
L. F. S. Foster.
Wm. M. Stewart.
James Guthrie.
J. McDougall.
E. D. Morgan.
J. W. Patterson.
W. T. Willey.
L. M. Morrell.
D. S. Norton.

(Signatures of Members of the House of Representatives.)

Thaddeus Stevens.
Wm. Lawrence.
J. F. Driggs.
Geo. W. Anderson.
Wm. D. Kelley.
S. S. Marshall.
John H. Rice.
F. C. LeBlond.
C. D. Hubbard.
Henry A. Deming.
Thos. Williams.
Robt. C. Schenck.
Ulysses Mercur.
P. Van Trump.
A. A. Barker.
J. P. Knott.
L. S. Trimble.
J. B. Beck.
P. Johnson.
J. D. Golliday.
Henry J. Raymond.
Geo. W. Woodward.
E. C. Ingersoll.
C. P. Clever.
W. H. Robertson.
John A. Griswold.
J. J. Gravely.
Orange Ferris.
M. Welker.
Hamilton Ward.
R. P. Spaulding.
J. F. Benjamin.
John D. Baldwin.
Francis Thomas.
A. J. Glossbrenner.
Thos. M. Pomeroy.
Rufus Mallory.

C. T. Hulburd.
J. K. Moorehead.
Jas. R. Hubbell.
Lovell H. Rosseau.
Chas. A. Eldridge.
Sidney Clarke.
John F. Starr.
A. H. Coffroth.
E. R. Eckley.
Godlove S. Orth.
W. D. Washburne.
John H. Farquhr.
Wm. A. Newell.
G. W. Morgan.
John F. Farnsworth.
G. B. Raum.
H. Grider.
Geo. M. Adams.
A. Harding.
Asa P. Groper.
Thos. E. Noell.
John A. Logan.
J. A. Peters.
N. B. Judd.
W. H. Koontz.
A. H. Laflin.
B. F. Loan.
J. H. Ketcham.
H. Price.
B. Eggleston.
S. Shellabarger.
Jas. A. Johnson.
Geo. H. Latham.
John A. Nicholson.
Wm. Moore.
E. D. Holbrook.
Thos. D. Eliot.

Jas S. Rollins.
G. Clay Smith.
Lewis W. Ross.
D. W. Voorhees.
W. E. Niblack.
S. F. Wilson.
Anthony Thornton.
T. A. Jenks.
W. W. Randall.
W. E. Finch.
W. Van Aernam.
Leonard Meyers.
Albert G. Burr.
F. E. Woodbridge.
John Morrissey.
G. S. Shanklin.
Jno. D. Young.
B. C. Ritter.
John Trimble.
A. G. Burr.
Chas. Haight.
J. Lawrence Getz.
D. N. Van Anken.
W. H. Hooper.
John W. Chanler.
J. W. McClurg.
Chas. E. Phelps.
G. W. Schofield.
Geo. W. Julian.
J. Donnolly.
S. V. Axtell.
Sam. J. Randall.
B. M. Boyer.
W. Mungen.
Stephen Taber.
S. J. Ancona.

Thaddeus Stevens

Vinnie Ream, Sc., 1865
Modeled from life.

(Other Signatures.)

General R. B. Van Valkenburgh, U. S. Minister to Japan.
Thos. C. Fletcher, Governor of Missouri.
H. K. Brown, Sculptor, of Newburgh, N. Y.
Wm. P. Tomlinson, New York.
Wm. C. Bryant, New York.
Jas. A. Mills, General, U. S. Army.
E. W. Rice, Major-General, U. S. Volunteers.
Clark Mills, Sculptor.
Theodore A. Mills, Sculptor.
Roy Stone, U. S. Army.
G. A. Custer, General, U. S. Army.
Sam'l K. Schwenk, General, U. S. Volunteers.
Alson C. Davis, New York.
Simeon Mills, Madison, Wis.
D. N. Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.
Jas. G. Blunt, Major-General, U. S. Volunteers.
Jas. B. Steedman, General, U. S. Volunteers.
Geo. R. Este, General, U. S. Volunteers.
Geo. W. McLellan, 2d Asst. P. M. General.
A. N. Zevely, 3d Asst. P. M. General.
Thos. Hicks, Artist, New York.
Thos. English.
J. G. C. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. Army.
H. C. Hobart, General, U. S. Volunteers.
Fisk Mills, Sculptor.
Robert B. Ayton, Sculptor.
John Wilson, 3d Auditor, Treasury Department.
Thos. Hood, Wisconsin.
F. P. Blair, of Silver Springs.
Benj. Le Fevre, U. S. Consul at Nuremburgh.
Jos. Casey, Chief Justice, Court of Claims.

(U. S. Stat., Vol. 14, p. 370.)

A joint resolution authorizing a contract with Vinnie Ream for a statue of Abraham Lincoln.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Interior be, and he hereby is, authorized and directed to contract with Miss Vinnie Ream for a life-size model and statue of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, to be executed by her at a price not exceeding $10,000; one half payable on completion of the model in plaster, and the remaining half on completion of the statue in marble to his acceptance.

Approved July 28, 1866.

(Contract for the Lincoln Statue.)

This agreement made and entered into this 30th day of August, 1866, between James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, by and on behalf of the United States, pursuant to the authority and direction of a joint resolution entitled "Joint Resolution authorizing a contract with Vinnie Ream for a statue of Abraham Lincoln," approved, July 28th, 1866, of the first part, and Vinnie Ream of the City of Washington and District of Columbia, of the second part, witnesseth:

That the said Vinnie Ream, for and in consideration of the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be paid to her as hereinafter mentioned, hereby binds herself to execute and deliver to the Commissioner of Public Buildings, or other public officer, to be designated by the Secretary of the Interior, and in said city, a life-size model and a statue of the late President Lincoln; said statue to be in marble and to the acceptance of such Secretary; and the said Harlan, Secretary as aforesaid in the name and on behalf of said United States, hereby promises to pay to said Vinnie Ream, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, on the completion as aforesaid of such model in plaster; and the further sum of Five Thousand Dollars, on the completion to the acceptance of the then Secretary of the Interior, of such life-size statue in marble, and the delivery of the same as hereinbefore mentioned.

Witness the hands of the said James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, and of the said Vinnie Ream, on the day and year aforesaid.

James Harlan,

[Seal. Department of the Interior.] Vinnie Ream.

The West

Vinnie Ream, Sr., 1856–'8.

(From the original manuscript printed in the local papers, February, 1869.)

Miss Ream's Statue of Lincoln.

The plaster model of the statue of President Lincoln, executed by Miss Vinnie Ream, by order of Congress, is now being exhibited in her studio to the members of Congress. There is a lively interest excited to learn in what manner the Sculptress has accomplished a work of more than ordinary difficulty in sculpture, even to those of experience and artistic cultivation in the schools of Art. To model a life-size figure of a subject lacking many of the qualities which make a portrait statue attractive and impressive, and yet to meet the reasonable expectations of the many who knew the original personally so well, is to achieve a greater success than is usual in Art.

We can conceive few subjects more trying to the abilities of a novitiate in sculpture; and yet upon this single work will depend in a measure the estimate which is to be formed of the talents of Miss Ream, and consequently her chances of future success. It is an ordeal requiring courage and the faith of genius to meet, and especially so under the circumstances which have lately attracted so much public attention to the artist and to the work she now submits to the criticisms of those who commissioned it.

The features of Mr. Lincoln are admirably rendered; and it was this faithful delineation of character which obtained for Miss Ream the commission for this statue over many able competitors. The head and features are forcibly, yet truthfully modelled; the hair boldly managed in flowing masses as by the skill of experience; and the expression of sadness mingled with benevolence is touchingly portrayed, well conceived and appropriate to the expression and meaning of the statue. The head bending slightly forward and downward seems to regard with anxious solicitude the multitude of a newly-liberated people to whom is presented by the right hand the "Proclamation" of their Emancipation. A long circular cloak covers the right shoulder and arm, falls backward off the left, being held partially under the forearm and caught up by the left hand, which grasps its ample folds as if in readiness to cover with the protecting mantle of the Government the defenceless beings who are to receive the inestimable boon of freedom. A beautiful thought of the artist, aptly and ingeniously symbolized. The cloak is happily arranged to give breadth, as well as dignity to a very tall and meagre figure; it plays also a useful part in aiding to support, where it touches the ground, the weight of the statue.

The proportions of the figure are very exact, an extraordinary merit which well repays the years of silent and laborious study given by Miss Ream to modelling the entire anatomy of the figure before casting the drapery upon it. Well would it be were all aspirants for excellence to take the same rugged path so wisely and perseveringly pursued by this young lady.

The figure is well poised, standing firmly and naturally; and its action is in perfect harmony with the idea represented. There are no unnecessary or trivial details in the drapery to mar the grandeur of effect, large and varied masses being introduced with such artistic knowledge and feeling as to give manliness and dignity to the subject. Indeed there seems a unity of idea and design expressed throughout the work, and an absence of those conventionalities which are so often visible in the productions of those who have derived their ideas of Art principally from the schools in which they study.

I shall wait with no little impatience to view this statue in pure and translucent marble, and believe that it will then be very favorably received by the public, and fully sustain the hopes and judgments of those members who had the courage to order from so youthful and inexperienced a candidate a statue of the Martyr President. I sincerely hope it may do yet more than this in giving additional illustration of the fact that the genius of woman is not less in the severe Art of Sculpture than it has been in the sister Art of Painting, in which many of the gentler sex have won a high and lasting renown.

Very truly yours,

Miner Kilbourne Kellogg.

Department of the Interior.

Washington, D. C., January 30, 1869.

Sir:

I have the honor to enclose herewith a copy of a letter bearing date the 27th inst., which I have received from Miss Vinnie Ream informing me of the completion of the model, in plaster, of the late President Lincoln, which she had contracted to execute, and requesting payment of the sum of Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000) due to her on such completion.

The Joint Resolution authorizing a contract with Vinnie Ream for a statue of Abraham Lincoln, approved July 28, 1866 (U. S. Stat., Vol. 14, p. 370), authorized and directed the Secretary of the Interior to contract with that lady for a life-size model and statue of the late President; and pursuant to its terms, a contract was on the 30th of August, 1866, executed whereby the Secretary, on behalf of the United States, promised to pay Miss Ream the sum of Five Thousand Dollars on her completion of such life-size model, in plaster, and the further sum of Five Thousand Dollars on the completion, to his acceptance, of the statue in marble and delivery thereof to the officer designated to receive it. A copy of the contract is herewith transmitted.

I have inspected the completed model. It bears a faithful resemblance to the original and is highly creditable to the skill of the Artist.

I recommend that Congress make an appropriation of Five Thousand Dollars to enable the Secretary of the Interior to pay the installment now due to Miss Ream under her contract.

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

O. H. Browning,

Secretary.

Hon. B. F. Wade,

President pro tempore of the Senate.

The Morning Glory

Minnie Ream, Sr., 1865
A portrait bust modeled from life.

Quincy, Ill., March 7, 1871.

Dear Sir:

Absence from home has prevented earlier attention to yours of the 13th ult.:

I have never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Ream's statue of the late President Lincoln, and hence can express no opinion in regard to it. The law which authorized the contract with Miss Ream provided that the price should not exceed $10,000; "one half of which was payable on completion of the model in plaster, and the remaining half on completion of the statue in marble," to the acceptance of the Secretary of the Interior.

Some time in the fall or winter of 1868, the precise time not now remembered, I was notified by Miss Ream that the model was completed and ready for inspection. Within a day or two thereafter I visited her studio in the Capitol, examined and approved the model, and caused $5,000, the first installment of the price of the statue, to be paid her.

It was the best model I have ever seen of any person. In form, proportion, attitude and drapery of person; in form and expression of feature; and in its general physical, intellectual and moral expression as a whole, it seemed faultless. No one could possibly mistake it; and it would be difficult for a person to stand before it and contemplate it without feeling that he was in the actual presence of the departed President.

Several friends were with me, who were also friends of Mr. Lincoln, and had been intimate with him during his life.

They all expressed their admiration of the model, and their great gratification at its life-like fidelity. I do not remember a single disparaging criticism.

If the statue is not good it can hardly be a faithful copy of the model.

Respectfully yours,

O. H. Browning.

Rob W. C. Mitchell,
Washington, D. C.

Department of State.

Washington, September 27, 1866.

To the Diplomatic and Consular Representatives of the United States:

Gentlemen: The bearer of this letter, Miss Vinnie Ream, has been commissioned by the Secretary of the Interior, under authority of an Act of Congress, to execute a Statue of Abraham Lincoln, and she visits Europe with a view to the more successful prosecution of the work with which she has been entrusted. If you can in any way facilitate the undertaking, it is expected that you will do so, in the interest of the government as well as for the sake of the artist herself, whom I take pleasure in commending to your attention.

I am, Gentlemen, Your Obedient Servant,

William H. Seward.

[From "Il Buonarroti," the Art Journal of Rome, Italy, February, 1870.]

Una statua semi-colossale di Abramo Lincoln, formata in gesso sopra modello eseguito da giovinetta scultrice americana, fuesposta nei giorni decorsi nello Studio in Via di san Basilio no. 45. L'autrice, Miss Vinnie Ream, che ne aveva ottenuto dal governo degli Stati Uniti la commissione sopra diversi concorrenti, seppe molto propriamente concepire quale dovesse rappresentarsi in una statua monumentale il presidente Lincoln, perchè I viventi a cui era notovi riconoscessero la espressione ed il carattere dell' estinto, ed ai posteri porgesse una giusta idea dell' uomo che, avendo tenuto in momenti tanto gravi il sommo officio, mentre osava proporre il piu grande atto di riparazione verso l'umanità, era caduto vittima del cieco fanatismo di parte. Egli è adunque serio, transquillo, melanconico. Ritto in piedi, veste costume del tempo, trattato, quanto si può artisticamente, per la combinazione delle pieghe spontaneamente cagionate dal movimento delle persona, ed arrichite dal mantello cadente che ricuopre a tergo molta parte della figura. Regge con la destra una carta a foggia di papiro, ne'cui ravvolgimenti si leggono le parole della dichiarazione che doveva abolire la schiavitù. Fiso lo sguardo sul foglio, diresti che intenda di consegnare a quell'atto la sua immortalità, sicuro del giudizio della nazione, ch'egli ebbe ben meritato della patria, sagrificando la vita al dovere del posto e della missione affidatagli. È decreto del senato che questa statua in marmo sia innalzata nella grande aula del Campidoglio, a Washington, là dove stanno il senno ed il cuore della nazione.

Una brillante carriera nell'arte attenda chi, tanto giovane, ha saputo produrre la bell'opera di che abbiamo parlato; ma forse non ritornerà per Miss Vinnie Ream un' occasione per tramandare il proprio nome agli avvenire favorevole al pari di questa, in che, associato al nome di Lincoln e al grande fatto dell' abolizione, le vien dato di collocare il suo lavoro nel Campidoglio di Washington.

[Translation.]

A semi-colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln, made of plaster, from the model executed in clay by a young lady artist, was on exhibition a few days ago in her studio, No. 45 Via de San Basilio. The name of the artist is Miss Vinnie Ream, who received from the government of the United States the commission for making this statue over many competitors. She has most justly perceived how a monumental statue of President Lincoln should be represented, so that the living to whom he was known might see in it the expression and character of the man, and posterity might form a just idea of him who held his high office in times very grave and difficult, and who, while he was engaged in carrying on the greatest act of reparation to humanity, fell a victim to blind fanaticism. Therefore Lincoln is represented serious, calm, melancholy, standing erect, dressed in the costume of the times, yet rendered artistically, as far as possible to be done, by the combination of the folds, naturally formed by the movement of the person, and enriched by the gracefully falling cloak which nearly covers the whole back of the figure. He holds in his right hand a paper, in the form of a papyrus, on whose folds can be read words referring to the abolition of slavery. He looks at the document and one can almost read his intention to consign to that solemn act his future fame and immortality, being sure of the judgment which the nation would put upon him that he deserved well of his country, for he sacrificed his life to the duty of that office and of that mission which was entrusted to him. Congress passed an Act that his statue in marble should be placed in the large hall of the Capitol in Washington, which is the seat of government of the American nation.

A brilliant career in art attends Miss Vinnie Ream, who, so young, has produced the great work we have described. But another occasion so favorable may not return to the fair artist to transmit to posterity her name, where, associated with the name of Lincoln, and with the great act of the emancipation of the slaves, her work will be placed in the Capitol at Washington.

America

Vinnie Ream, Sr., 1865–'8.

[From "Reminiscences of my childhood and youth"—George Brandes.]

Vines twine round the fruit-trees; black pigs and their families make their appearance in tribes; the lake of Thrasymene, near which Hannibal defeated the Romans, spreads itself out before us. The train is going from Florence to Rome. Towards mid-day a girl enters the carriage, apparently English or North American, with brown eyes and brown hair, that curls naturally about her head; she has her guitar case in her hand, and flings it up into the net. Her parents follow her. As there is room in the compartment for forty-eight persons without crowding, she arranges places for her parents, and after much laughter and joking the latter settle off to sleep. The Italians stare at her; but not I. I sit with my back to her. She sits down, back to back with me, then turns her head and asks me, in Italian, some question about time, place, or the like. I reply as best I can. She (in English): "You are Italian?" On my reply, she tells me: "I hardly know twenty words in Italian; I only speak English, although I have been living in Rome for two years."

She then went on to relate that she was an American, born of poor parents out on the Indian frontier; she was twenty-six years old, a sculptor, and was on her way from Carrara, where she had been superintending the shipment of one of her works, a statue of Lincoln, which the Congress at Washington had done her the honor of ordering from her. It was only when she was almost grown up that her talent had been discovered by an old sculptor who happened to pay a visit and who, when he saw her drawing, had, half in jest, given her a lump of clay and said: "Do a portrait of me." She had then never seen a statue or a painting, but she evinced such talent that before long several distinguished men asked her to do busts of them, amongst others, Lincoln. She hesitated for a long time before giving up the modest, but certain, position she held at the time in a post-office; but, as others believed in her talent, she came to Europe, stayed first in Paris, where, to her delight, she made the acquaintance of Gustave Dore, and where she modelled a really excellent bust of Pere Hyacinthe, visited London, Berlin, Munich, Florence, and settled down in Rome. There she received plenty of orders; had, moreover, obtained permission to execute a bust of Cardinal Antonelli; was already much looked up to, and well-to-do. In a few weeks she was returning to America.

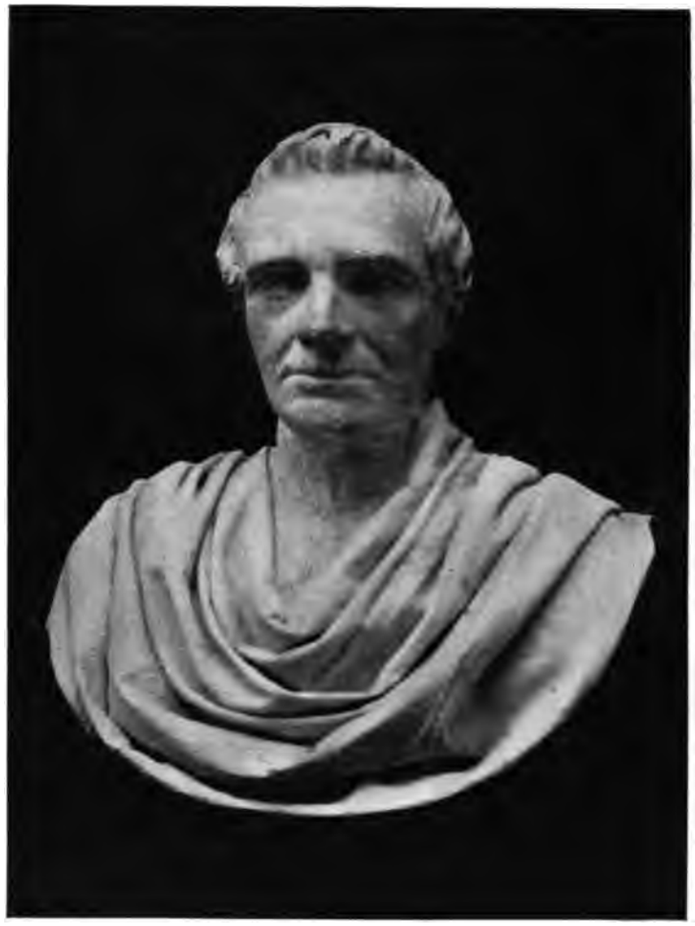
As she found pleasure in talking to me, she exclaimed without more ado: "I will stay with you," said a few polite things to me, and made me promise that I would travel with her to Rome from the place where we were obliged to leave the train, the railway having been broken up to prevent the Italian troops entering the Papal States. At Treni a Danish couple got into the train, a mediocre artist and his wife, and with national astonishment and curiosity watched the evident intimacy between the young foreigner and myself, concerning which every Scandinavian in Rome was informed a few days later.

From Monte Rotondo, where the bridge had been blown up, we had to walk a long distance, over bad roads, and were separated in the throng, but she kept a place for me by her side. Thus I drove for the first time over the Roman Campagna, by moonlight, with two brown eyes gazing into mine. I felt as though I had met one of Sir Walter Scott's heroines, and won her confidence at our first meeting.

Vinnie Ream was by no means a Scott heroine, however, but a genuine American, and doubly remarkable to me as being the first specimen of a young woman from the United States with whom I became acquainted. Even after I had seen a good deal of her work, I could not feel wholly attracted by her talent, which sometimes expressed itself rather in a pictorial than a plastic form, and had a fondness for emotional effects. But she was a true artist, and a true woman, and I have never, in any woman, encountered a will like hers. She was uninterruptedly busy. Although, now that the time of her departure was so near, a few boxes were steadily being packed every day at her home, she received every day visits from between sixteen and twenty-five people, and she had so many letters by post that I often found three or four unopened ones amongst the visiting cards that had been left. Those were what she had forgotten, and if she had read them, she had no time to reply to them. Every day she sat for a few hours to the clever American painter Healy, who was an admirer of her talent, and called her abilities genius. Every day she worked at Antonelli's bust. To obtain permission to execute it, she had merely, dressed in her most beautiful white gown, asked for an audience of the dreaded cardinal, and had at once obtained permission. Her intrepid manner had impressed the hated statesman of the political and ecclesiastical reaction, and in her representation of him he appeared, too, in many respects nobler and more refined than he was. But besides modelling the cardinal's bust, she put the finishing touches to two others, saw to her parents' household affairs and expenses, and found time every day to spend a few hours with me, either in a walk or wandering about the different picture galleries.

She maintained the family, for her parents had nothing at all. But when the statue of Lincoln had been ordered from her, Congress had immediately advanced ten thousand dollars. So she was able to live free from care, though for that matter she troubled not at all about money. She was very ignorant of things outside her own field, and the words "my work" were the only ones that she spoke with passion. What she knew, she had acquired practically, through travel and association with a multiplicity of people. She hardly knew a dozen words of any language besides English, and was only acquainted with English and American writers; of poets, she knew Shakespeare and Byron best; from life and books she had extracted but few general opinions, but on the other hand, very individual personal views. These were based upon the theory that the lesser mind must always subordinate itself to the higher, and that the higher has a right to utilize freely the time and strength of the lesser, without being called to account for doing so. She herself was abjectly modest towards the artists she looked up to. Other people might all wait, come again, go away without a reply.

Rather small of stature, strong and healthy—she had never been ill, never taken medicine—with white teeth and red cheeks, quick in everything, when several people were present she spoke only little and absently, was cold, deliberate and composed as a man of strong character; but at the same time she was unsuspecting and generous, and in spite of her restlessness and her ambitious industry, ingratiatingly coquettish towards anyone whose affection she wished to win. It was amusing to watch the manner in which she despatched the dutifully sighing Italians who scarcely crossed the threshold of her studio before they declared themselves. She replied to them with a superabundance of sound sense and dismissed them with a jest.



Cardinal Antonelli

Vinnie Ream, Sc., 1870
Modeled from life.

One day that I went to fetch her to the Casino Borghese, I found her dissolved in tears. One of the two beautiful doves who flew about the house and perched on her shoulders, and which she had brought with her from Washington, had disappeared in the night. At first I thought that her distress was half jest, but nothing could have been more real; she was beside herself with grief. I realized that if philologians have disputed as to how far Catullus' poem of the girl's grief over the dead sparrow were jest or earnest, it was because they had never seen a girl weep over a bird. Catullus, perhaps, makes fun a little of the grief, but the grief itself, in his poem, too, is serious enough.

In the lovely gardens of the Villa Borghese, Vinnie Ream's melancholy frame of mind was dispersed, and we sat for a long time by one of the handsome fountains and talked, among other things, of our pleasure in being together, which pleasure was not obscured by the prospect of approaching parting, because based only on good-fellowship, and with no erotic element about it. Later in the evening, she had forgotten her sorrow altogether in the feverish eagerness with which she worked, and she kept on, by candle-light, until three o'clock in the morning.

A poor man, an Italian, who kept a little hotel, came in that evening for a few minutes; he sometimes translated letters for Vinnie Ream. As he had no business with me, I did not address any of my remarks to him; she, on the contrary, treated him with extreme kindness and the greatest respect, and whispered to me: "Talk nicely to him, as you would to a gentleman, for that he is; he knows four languages splendidly; he is a talented man. Take no notice of his plain dress. We Americans do not regard the position, but the man, and he does honor to his position." I had not been actuated by the prejudices she attributed to me, nevertheless entered into conversation with the man, as she wished, and listened with pleasure to his sensible opinions. (He spoke, among other things, of northern art, and warmly praised Carl Bloch's "Promethus.")

Vinnie Ream's opinion of me was that I was the most impolitic man that she had ever known. She meant, by that, that I was always falling out with people (for instance, I had at once offended the Danes in Rome by some sharp words about the wretched Danish papers), and in general made fewer friends and more enemies all the time. She herself won the affection of everyone she wished, and made everyone ready to spring to do her bidding. She pointed out to me how politic she had had to be over her art. When she had wished to become a sculptor, everyone in her native place had been shocked at the unfemininity of it, and people fabled behind her back about her depraved instincts. She, for her part, exerted no more strength than just enough to carry her point, let people talk as much as they liked, took no revenge on those who spread calumnies about her, showed the greatest kindliness even towards the evil-disposed, and so, she said, had not an enemy. There was in her a marvellous commingling of determination to progress rapidly, of self-restraint and of real good-heartedness.

On October 20th there was a great festival in Rome to celebrate the first monthly anniversary of the entry of the Italians into the town. Young men went in the evening with flags and music through the streets. Everybody rushed to the windows, and the ladies held out lamps and candles. In the time of the popes this was only done when the Host was carried being in solemn procession to the dying; it was regarded therefore as the greatest honor that could be paid. Everyone clapped hands and uttered shouts of delight at the improvised illumination,

while the many beautiful women looked lovely in the flickering lamplight. The 23d again was a gala day, being the anniversary of the death of Enrico Cairoli—one of the celebrated brothers; he fell at Mentana—and I had promised Vinnie Ream to go to see the fête with her; but she as usual having twenty callers just when we ought to have started, we arrived too late. Vinnie begged of me to go with her instead to the American chapel; she must and would sing hymns, and really did sing them very well.

The chapel was bare. On the walls the ten commandments and a few other quotations from Holy Writ, and above a small altar, "Do this in remembrance of me," in Gothic lettering. I had to endure the hymns, the sermon (awful), and the reading aloud of the ten commandments, with muttered protestations and Amens after each one from the reverent Americans. When we went out I said nothing, as I did not know whether Vinnie might not be somewhat moved, for she sang at the end with great emotion. However, she merely took my arm and exclaimed: "That minister was the most stupid donkey I have ever heard in my life; but it is nice to sing." Then she began a refutation of the sermon, which had hinged chiefly on the words: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and of the unspeakable delight it should be to hear this. Vinnie thought that no rational being would give a fig for forgiveness, unless there followed with it a complete reinstatement of previous condition. What am I benefitted if ever so many heavenly beings say to me: "I pretend you have not done it," if I know that I have!

The last week in October we saw marvellous Northern Lights in Rome. The northern half of the heavens, about nine o'clock in the evening, turned a flaming crimson, and white streaks traversed the red, against which the stars shone yellow, while every moment bluish flashes shot across the whole. When I discovered it I went up to the Reams' and fetched Vinnie down into the street to see it. It was an incredibly beautiful atmospheric phenomenon. Next evening it manifested itself again, on a background of black clouds, and that was the last beautiful sight upon which Vinnie and I looked together.

Next evening I wrote:

Vinnie Ream leaves to-morrow morning; I said good-bye to her this evening. Unfortunately a great many people were there. She took my hand and said: "I wish you everything good in the world, and I know that you wish me the same." And then: Good-bye. A door opens, and a door closes, and people never meet again on this earth, never again, never—and human language has never been able to discover any distinction between good-bye for an hour, and good-bye forever. People sit and chat, smile and jest. Then you get up, and the story is finished. Over! over! And that is the end of all stories, says Andersen.

All one's life one quarrels with people as dear to one as Ploug is to me. I have a well-founded hope that I may see Rudolph Schmidt's profile again soon, and a hundred times again after that; but Vinnie I shall never see again.

I did not understand her at first; I had a few unpleasant conjectures ready. I had to have many conversations with her before I understood her ingenuousness, her ignorance, her thorough goodness—in short, all her simple healthiness of soul. Over!

When I was teasing her the other day about all the time I had wasted in her company, she replied: " People do not waste time with their friends," and when I exclaimed: "What do I get from you?" she answered, laughing: "Inspiration." And that was the truth. Those great brown eyes, the firm eyebrows, the ringleted mass of chestnut brown hair and the fresh mouth—all this that I still remember, but perhaps in three months shall no longer be able to recall, the quick little figure, now commanding, now deprecating, is to me a kind of inspiration. I have never been in

Judith

From a drawing by Gustave Doré. The inscription by the Artist is "Offert a Miss Minnie Ream de part son affectueux collegue G. Doré."

love with Vinnie; but most people would think so, to hear the expressions I am now using. But I love her as a friend, as a mind akin to my own. There were thoughts of our brains and strings of our hearts, which always beat in unison. Peace be with her! May the cursed world neither rend her nor devour her; may she die at last with the clear forehead she has now! I am grateful to her. She has communicated to me a something good and simple that one cannot see too much of and that one scarcely ever sees at all. Finally, she has shown me again the spectacle of a human being entirely happy, and good because happy, a soul without a trace of bitterness, an intellect whose work is not a labor.

It is not that Vinnie is—or rather was, since she is dead for me—an educated girl in the Copenhagen sense of the word. The verdict of the Danish educational establishments upon her would be that she was a deplorably uneducated girl. She was incomprehensibly dull at languages. She would be childishly amused at a jest or joke or compliment as old as the hills (such as the Italians were fond of using), and think it new, for she knew nothing of the European storehouse of stereotyped remarks and salted drivel. Her own conversation was new; a breath of the independence of the great Republic swept through it. She was no fine lady, she was "an American girl," who had not attained her rank by birth, or through inherited riches, but had fought for its herself with a talent that had made its way to the surface without early training, through days and nights of industry, and a mixture of enthusiasm and determination.

She was vain; she certainly was that. But again like a child, delighted at verses in her honor in the American papers, pleased at homage and marks of distinction, but far more ambition than vain of personal advantages. She laughed when we read in the papers of Vinnie Ream, that, in spite of the ill-fame creative lady artists enjoy, far from being a monster with green eyes, she ventured to be beautiful.

She was a good girl. There was a certain deep note about all that her heart uttered. She had a mind of many colors. And there was the very devil of a rush and Forward! March! about her, always in a hurry.

And now—no Roman elegy—I will hide her away in my memory:

Here lies
Vinnie Ream,
Sculptor,
of Washington, U. S. A.
Six-and-twenty years of age.
This recollection of her is retained by
One who knew her
for seventeen days
and will never forget her.

I have really never seen Vinnie Ream since. We exchanged a few letters after her departure, and the rest was silence.

Her statue of Abraham Lincoln stands now in the rotunda of the Capitol, for which it was ordered. Later, a Congress Committee ordered from her a statue of Admiral Farragut, which is likewise erected in Washington. These are the only two statutes that the government of the United States has ever ordered from a woman. Other statues of hers which I have seen mentioned bear the names of "Miriam," "The West," "Sappho," "The Spirit of Carnival," etc. Further than this I only know that she married Richard L. Hoxie, an engineer, and only a few years ago was living in Washington.

Rome, October 25, 1870,
54 Via Gregoriana.

My Dear Miss Ream:

Before you leave for our beloved country with your important national work which you have so successfully completed, I beg to tender you my sincere congratulations on the admirable likeness you have obtained in your statue of President Lincoln; it represents the very manner of our noble Patriot Martyr and will I feel sure give great satisfaction to our people when it is placed in the Capitol.

I shall always remain under great obligations to Senator Trumbull for having made me acquainted with you, and be assured that your tender care of your father and mother has touched me very deeply.

With the hope that you may have a safe and pleasant voyage. I remain, my dear young friend,

Yours ever,

Geo. P. A. Healy.

Roma, 31 Ottobre, 1870.

Distintissima Sigra Vinnie Ream:

Memore della grandissima soddisfazione che io provai, quando per tratto di gentilezza desideraste che io considerassi in piu punti la vostra statua rappresentante Lincoln, e su la quale secondo il mio qual unque siasi intendimento vi espressi congratulazioni ed applauso. Ricercato ora della conferma di questi miei sentimenti non esito punto a ripeterveli, ed anzi aggiungo che la vostra nobile Nazione vi deve saper grado per essere Voi riuscita a rendere con verita, senza farle spiacevoli, le forme caratteristiche inevitabili per denotare il Personaggio effigiato. Questo mio giudizio non vi sia discaro ed aggradite che io mi rassegni di Voi.

devmo,

Luigi Majoli,
Scultore.

I miei complimenti agli ottimi vostri Genitori.

[Translation.]

Rome, October 31, 1870.

Most Distinguished, Miss Vinnie Ream:

I remember with great pleasure the satisfaction I experienced when you kindly asked me to consider the points of your statue representing Lincoln, and on which I expressed to you my congratulation and praise. Being requested to confirm these sentiments I do not hesitate a moment to repeat them, and moreover I will add that your noble country ought to be grateful for your success in rendering with truth, and yet not in a manner unpleasing, the characteristic features so indespensable to denote the personality represented. This is my unbiassed judgment which I hope you will receive with the expression of my sincere regard.

Truly, etc.,

Luigi Majoli,
Sculptor.

My compliments to your parents.

Abraham Lincoln

Vinnie Ream, Sc., 1865–'9

The bust was modeled from life at the Executive Mansion; the model was completed in the National Capitol.

[From "The Evening Star," Washington, January 7, 1871—Crosby S. Noyes, Editor.]

Vinnie Ream, who twenty months ago sailed to Europe with the model of her statue of Lincoln to be put in marble, has returned with her completed work. It was placed some days ago in the rotunda of the Capitol, but screened from the public eye until it should be formally turned over to Congress. The act of Congress giving the commission to Miss Ream directs the Secretary of the Interior to contract with her "for a life-size model and statue of the late President Abraham Lincoln, to be executed by her at a price not exceeding $10,000; one half payable on completion of the model in plaster, and the remaining half on completion of the statue in marble to his acceptance."

The Official Inspection of the Statue.

Under the above provisions of the act requiring the official acceptance of the statue by the Secretary of the Interior, Secretary Delano notified Miss Ream that he would view the work at nine o'clock this morning. Accordingly at that hour quite a number of members of Congress, journalists, and a few personal friends of the artist, including her sister and her aged parents, were present to witness the interesting affair. This, it will be remembered, is not the public unveiling of the statue on the occasion of turning it over to Congress, but is simply the private official inspection required, as above stated, of the Secretary of the Interior. Among those present were Secretary Delano, Assistant Secretary Otto, Senator Trumbull, General Farnsworth, Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts, Judge Marshall and Representatives Poland, Lawrence, Armstrong and Ingersoll. After some preliminary work in removing the board surroundings of the statue, the outline of the statue appeared, but still shrouded by its covering of cloth. The workmen then prepared to lift this veil, and there was a sudden hush in the buzz of conversation, in anticipation of the event. It must have been an anxious moment to the courageous little sculptor, and to her personal friends present. Could it be that the fragile, youthful figure standing there, pale and anxious, and rendered more child-like in appearance by her petite form and wealth of Dora-like curls, had made a success where so many older sculptors—Brown notably and recently—had failed? Was it possible that at her age, and with her slight experience, she had made a statue of Abraham Lincoln fit to be placed in the Capitol of the nation? And then there was the formidable array of Illinoisians present, familiar with the living Lincoln, and prompt to detect a defective literal representation, however good the work might be artistically. The veil was raised slowly, disclosing first the base, bearing the simple words

Abraham Lincoln;

then the well-remembered form; and finally and essentially, the head of the Patriot Martyr. There was a momentary hush, and then an involuntary, warm, and universal demonstration of applause gave the verdict of the distinguished and critical gathering, and assured the artist that her work was to be set down a success. There was another pause, while a more deliberate view was taken; and then another, and another round of applause confirmed and rendered final the involuntary decision from the first impression. And then everybody turned to where the little sculptor-girl stood, a little in the rear with glad tears in her eyes, and congratulations were poured in upon her from all quarters, official and unofficial; the Illinoisians present being foremost in expressing their satisfaction with her representation of the man they revered. The expressed opinion of Senator Trumbull and others from that State was that the statue gives that thoughtful, benignant expression familiar to those who knew Mr. Lincoln best, and which was best worth perpetuating in marble.

Department of the Interior.

Washington, D. C., January 10, 1871.

Miss Vinnie Ream,

No. 12 N. B. Street, Washington, D. C.:

I have the honor to inform you that you have completed to my entire satisfaction, the marble statue of the late President Lincoln, which you agreed to execute for the United States, pursuant to a contract, entered into between yourself and Mr. Secretary Harlan on the 30th day of August, 1866.

You will be pleased to deliver it to Edward Clark, Esq., Architect of the Capitol, who, by my letter of this date, has been instructed to receive it.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

C. Delano,
Secretary.

[From "The Evening Star," Washington, January 26, 1871—Crosby S. Noyes, Editor.]

Streams of people moving towards the Capitol last night, an hour or more before the opening of the doors, indicated the popular interest felt in the ceremony of unveiling Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln, and that the throng there would be beyond the capacity of the great rotunda to hold, as proved to be the case. By seven o'clock, despite the unpleasant weather, the several flights of stairs of the bold western facade of the Capitol were alive with people, while a resolute crowd jostled each other for near positions to the rotunda entrance, ready for a rush on the opening of the doors a half hour later. A crowd of similar size and determination of purpose held the spacious steps on the eastern front.

In the House.

According to the programme, the Speaker and members of the House of Representatives were admitted at the eastern door of the House with ladies belonging to their families, and by seven o'clock the Hall of Representatives, as well as the Speaker's room, was filled by members and their friends, and at a quarter past seven a move was made for the rotunda, and after a little crowding along the corridors the party from this end of the Capitol made their way to the seats assigned them.

THE ORDER OF ARRANGEMENTS

MADE BY THE

Committee on Public Buildings & Grounds of the Senate and House of Representatives

FOR

UNVEILING THE STATUE

OF THE LATE

PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

Made by MISS VINNIE REAM, to take place in the

Rotunda of the Capitol, on Wednesday Evening, January 25th,

at half-past seven o'clock, precisely, will be as follows, viz.:

MUSIC BY THE MARINE BAND.

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE BY JUDGE DAVIS OF THE SUPREME COURT.

REMARKS BY—

SENATOR TRUMBULL,
SENATOR CARPENTER,
GEN. BANKS,
SENATOR PATTERSON,
HON. MR. BROOKS,
HON. MR. CULLOM.

MUSIC BY THE MARINE BAND.

The Sergeant-at-Arms, the Committee of Arrangements, the Speakers, the Artist, the President of the United States, Vice President, Senators, Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, Members of the Cabinet, Representatives of Foreign Governments resident at Washington, General of the Army, Admiral of the Navy, and Mayor of the City of Washington, are invited to be present in the Senate Chamber at 7½ o'clock, ready to proceed to the Rotunda at the time appointed.

The Sergeant-at-Arms, the Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives are invited to assemble in the Hall of the House of Representatives at 7½ o'clock p. m., ready to proceed to the Rotunda at the appointed time.

Seats in the Rotunda for Senators and Members of the House of Representatives, and other invited guests, will not be reserved after half-past seven o'clock.

Senators and invited guests will be admitted at the eastern door of the Senate Chamber with ladies belonging to their families, who will assemble in the Reception Room of the Senate.

The Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives will be admitted at the eastern door of the House, with ladies belonging to their families, who will assemble in the room of the Speaker.

The public will be admitted at the east and west central doors of the Capitol immediately after the processions from the Senate and House of Representatives shall have reached the Rotunda.

SEATS WILL BE PROVIDED FOR REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS.

Photographed from the original.

In the Senate.

The President, Vice-President, the Committee of Arrangements, the Artist, Miss Ream, the Senators, Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, Members of the Cabinet, Representatives of Foreign Governments resident at Washington, General Sherman, prominent Naval Officers, Mayor Emery, and a large number of notables, assembled in the Senate chamber, and proceeded to the rotunda at quarter past seven.

In the Rotunda.

At half-past seven the main doors of the rotunda, east and west, were opened, and the vast crowd surging up the stairways poured in, and soon filled all the remaining space beyond the privileged seats, leaving an impatient throng outside, who pounded and clamored in vain at the closed doors for admission. Half a dozen indignation meetings were held outside at the preference shown to those admitted at the wings, while the mass of the people were kept in the cold for an hour, and then in numbers failed to get admission. The vast assemblage filling the rotunda was made up of every class—the most distinguished, and the lowliest of the nation—and among the most interested spectators of the scene were groups of colored people, who hold Abraham Lincoln in their heart of hearts.

The Shadowy Figures

of the patriots, statesmen, warriors, and discoverers of the past, painted on the walls of the rotunda, also seemed to belong to the assemblage, and to be taking a real part in the apotheosis of the Patriot Martyr so lately added to their ranks. Columbus, Penn, De Soto, The Pilgrim Fathers kneeling in prayer on the deck of the Mayflower, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, and the long line of the illustrious men of the past looked out from the canvass upon the sad, thoughtful face of Abraham Lincoln, as if in recognition of a tried and accepted brother. Above, the vast hall seemed to rise to an almost immeasurable height, the various circlets of shaded lights one above another giving an idea of indefinite vastness, such as is given in Martin's weird picture of the Plutonic dome. And from the highest point of all—in the Heavens as it were—the Father of his Country, in Brumidi's fresco, seemed to hold his hand in the attitude of benediction directly over the statue of the Martyr.

The rotunda was appropriately decorated with the national colors draped over the great doorways, or suspended in the hall, and a star of gas jets was placed to light up the face of the statue, the upper lights of the rotunda being inadequate.

The platform was occupied by President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, Senator Trumbull, Senator Morrill, Judge Davis, General Beatty, Speaker Blaine, General Banks, and General Sherman, in the front tier of seats in the order named, commencing on the right of the platform. In the next tier were Hon. James Brooks, Senator Patterson, Hon. W. J. Smith of Tennessee, and Honorable Mr. Van Wyck of New York. In the next were Senator Cole, ex-Representative Rice of Maine; Miss Vinnie Ream, the artist; Mrs. Ream, her mother; Senator Carpenter, Honorable Mr. Cullom of Illinois, and Senator Stockton; and the rear by the Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate and House and several prominent members of the House of Representatives.

The Marine Band having played a dirge, and everything being in readiness, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, came forward and said:

Introductory Remarks by Senator Morrill.

Four years ago a little girl from Wisconsin occupied a little place in the Post Office Department, at $600 a year. She had faith that she could do something better. Congress, with almost equal faith and liberality, gave her an order for the statue of the late deceased President Lincoln. That statue and the artist are now before you, and bespeak your sympathy. [Applause.] Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court, will now unveil the statue.

The Unveiling.

The statue was covered by the national colors, a rich flag of silk, the testimonial to the memory of Mr. Lincoln, raised by the weavers of Lyons, France, by a subscription limited to two sous per individual, and which was sent with the request that it might be placed in the U. S. Capitol. The flag bears the words: "Subscription populaire la Republique Etats Unis offert en memoire d'Abraham Lincoln. Lyons, 1865."

The flag was slowly raised by Judge Davis, disclosing the figure and then the face of Lincoln; and as the full form came to view a prompt and continued round of applause testified to the merits of the work, which testimony was confirmed, as fuller opportunity was offered to examine it from various points of view, each point showing special excellencies, and features of striking likeness to the illustrious dead. When the applause had somewhat subsided, Senator Morrill introduced, as the first speaker, Senator Trumbull of Illinois.

Address of Senator Trumbull.

Mr. Trumbull said: Fellow-citizens, You have assembled this evening for the purpose of witnessing the unveiling of a full-sized statue of the late President Lincoln, and exhibiting it to the public. This statue was made in pursuance of an act of Congress, passed on the 28th of July, 1866. Previous to the passage of the act of Congress, a number of persons had made statues and busts of Mr. Lincoln. And Miss Ream, among others, had made both. The bust which she had made from sittings given her by Mr. Lincoln bore such a resemblance to the original that members of Congress and others conceived the design of employing her to make a full-sized statue of the then deceased President. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens offered a joint resolution, which was adopted by Congress.

Perhaps other causes than the striking resemblance which the bust executed by Miss Ream bore to the deceased President may have led to the making of the contract with her for the life-sized statue. Both

President Lincoln and the Artist

were of humble origin; both were born and brought up in the West, and both, under God, are

Abraham Lincoln.

Vinnie Ream, Sc., 1865–'9.

the arhitects of their own fortune. [Applause.] It was fit that he who, by his own unaided efforts, had risen from obscurity to the highest earthly position, and who had gone down to the grave mourned by the civilized world, should have his features transmitted to posterity by one who, like him, had nothing but her hands and her head to urge her forward. [Applause.]

Immediately after the passage of the joint resolutions Miss Ream proceeded to make a life-sized model in plaster of the late President, which having completed according to her satisfaction, and to the approval of the then Secretary of the Interior in June, 1869, she sailed for Europe for the purpose of having it put into marble at Rome. She was fortunate in selecting a block of marble of pure white, and without a stain,

A Fitting Symbol

of the pure character and spotless life of him it was intended to represent. A few weeks ago she returned to this country with the statue which is now before you. So much has been said of him whose personal appearance and features this statue is designed to perpetuate, that I would not be justified in detaining you at any considerable length in speaking of his character or eminent services to the country, and yet I trust I will be pardoned, as I knew him intimately for more than a quarter of a century, for saying a few words in regard to the characteristics of the man. After Mr. Lincoln came to Washington I saw less of him than for many years before; not by reason of any estrangement between us, but because he was occupied with public duties, and pressed upon by persons asking favors to such an extent as to afford little time for social intercourse, and I seldom called upon him. What I have to say will relate rather to the individual than to his great deeds. None of us always wear the same cheerful countenance; but periods of depression and sadness come upon all. Perhaps it is in the order of Divine Providence that they who are at times in the highest spirits, and apparently the happiest of mortals, should in turn be subjected to the greatest depression and the saddest hours. Mr. Lincoln, though of uniform kindness, benevolence, and forbearance, was subject to periods of singular hilarity and depression. They who only saw him in public and on festive occasions where congenial spirits were gathered, and who witnessed with what zest he entered into the enjoyments of the hour, can have little conception of the man as he appeared in his more thoughtful and contemplative moments. I know not whether He who sees the end from the beginning, ever vouchsafed to man in advance, even shadowy visions of the manner of the end of his mortal career; but there was something in the remarks made by Mr. Lincoln as he left his home in Springfield, Ill., to assume the duties of the Presidency, something in the language he used in Philadelphia, when on his way hither he said that "next Monday I shall speak officially if ever," something in what he said in Independence Hall when, alluding to the great Declaration of Independence and to the sentiments of liberty embodied in it, he said, "I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it," which seemed to forbode the end that befell him.

Certain it is Mr. Lincoln was subject to periods of great depression, and melancholy seems to have marked him for her own, even from childhood. When burdened with thought, or great responsibility, his countenance always had a pensive expression, and it is that, as I understand, that the artist has designed to transfer to marble. How well she has succeeded the critical public will judge. Perhaps the highest compliment I could pay her would be to say, as I gaze upon the statue, I am ready to exclaim, "That is Mr. Lincoln." [Applause.] Others will judge of its artistic execution, but as representing Mr. Lincoln, as he was considering the great proclamation which he holds in his hands and was about to issue for the emancipation of the race, his old acquaintances and associates, I am sure, will recognize the same thoughtful expression which they had often and in years ago been accustomed to see. [Applause.]

Address of Hon. S. M. Cullom.

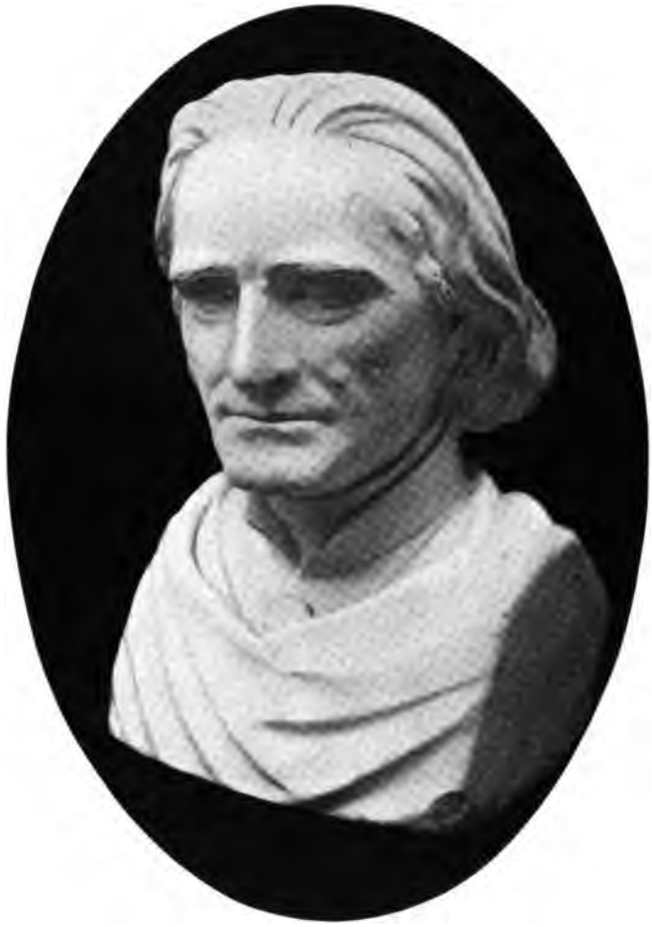
Mr. Cullom, of Illinois, was next introduced. Representing the home of Mr. Lincoln, it had been deemed proper that he should speak on this occasion.

They had witnessed the unveiling of the statue now before them of the late President, Abraham Lincoln. While that great man does not live and mingle with us as in days that are past, yet the people of this and other nations of the world, remembering his grand career, are ever ready to manifest their appreciation of his noble deeds and glorious triumphs in favor of justice, by such proper means as are within their power. This statue, chiseled by the delicate hands of the youthful artist who presents it to you to be placed where your wisdom may determine, has been authorized by the government; we have come here to receive and unveil it and call to mind some of the public and private virtues of the man for whom it was made. He hailed this vast concourse of people before him from all parts of the republic. He saw there the Chief Magistrate of these United States; the men who make the laws; the distinguished men composing the highest judicial tribunal in the land; the representatives of that great leader in progress—the press; while the distinguished men of other nations have added their presence to the interest of the occasion. At such a time as this it was fitting to turn back a page in our history and refer to the virtues and sublime career of that noble man. No man, from the day of Washington until Lincoln came upon the stage, and saved the nation in the late great struggle, has ever been placed by the side of Washington. To-day the people, in all the land, who love liberty and their country, proclaim Washington and Lincoln the Father and Saviour of the American Union. [Applause.]

Mr. Cullom proceeded in eloquent terms to review the career of Abraham Lincoln and said that other ages have done great deeds which have made their names immortal, but none have done so much in the interests of humanity as our martyred President. Other men for their great deeds have had monuments and statues erected to their memory. Statues and monuments have disappeared before the corroding hand of time, and revolutions of the people, but their names, the record and story of their deeds, still live and have their influence upon the affairs of men. So it will be in the case before us. This

Beautiful Marble Tribute of a Nation's Love

in the long lapse of time will give way or perhaps be destroyed, yet the statesman, patriot and sage



Liszt

Vinnie Ream, Sc., 1869
Modeled from life.

whose grand work in the cause of freedom is impressed upon the world wherever humanity is found, will live through all the ages, and as the world grows better and wiser will be more and more beloved. This statue would, he trusted, long remain untarnished and unbroken. It was his prayer that future Presidents, Congressmen and Judges centuries hence may gaze upon it in the nation's Capitol, pure and perfect as it stands to-day. May God grant that this Union of ours, secured in the outset by fire and sword, maintained during the late great struggle at such a fearful sacrifice of life and treasure, baptized in the best blood of the land, may be no less durable and permanent than this marble statue erected to the memory of its greatest friend. It was said of a mother in ancient days that she pointed to Alexander and said to her son, "Be like him." The mothers of America have brighter examples in their own age, and in their own country; with patriotic and virtuous pride they can say to their sons: Be like Washington and Lincoln. [Applause.] Let this statue of Abraham Lincoln rema in in the National Capitol, to be preserved in the name of the Union, Justice and Liberty.

Address of General Banks.

Hon. Mr. Banks, of Massachusetts, next spoke. He said: The incidents that distinguished the Presidential career of Mr. Lincoln were perhaps more important than any that have occurred since the foundation of the government. Even those great changes which had passed over the face of Europe recently were not more sudden, and could not affect in a greater degree the destinies of the human race. The great significance of the events that had occurred had been anticipated from the foundation of the government. An ordinary man, with these great events to which he had referred, would have given immortality to his name. [Applause.] But Lincoln had greater capacities than attached to ordinary men, and in the administration of his duties he discharged them with such earnestness, with such sincerity, with such success, as to enroll his name among the first of civil administrators. The first and the great cause of his success was his desire for the welfare of all men. He wished all men well. In the very beginning of the war, when partisan spirit ran high, when the public press was appealing to the chief of the military forces and to the people in a manner which would now be denounced as treason to the government, Mr. Lincoln was with difficulty persuaded from making a visit to the camp of General McClellan, then commanding the army in Maryland, before the battles of Antietam and South Mountain, in which visit he would have forfeited his safety beyond question, and possibly his life. It was not his object, he said, to confound the camp with impractical suggestions, or to make harsh criticisms upon military movements. He went for a nobler and a higher purpose, that of giving personal counsel and advice in a moment of great difficulty and importance to the commander of the forces relating to his own private, personal welfare. "I like McClellan," he said, "I want him to succeed. His success is our success."

This, doubtless, was a trite and simple saying, but it indicated a nature that was not common to men. It was more than justice. It was of that higher benevolence, which is the attribute of Diviner natures. What would the world be to-day if human nature could be so transformed that every man would see his own success in the success of other men; and that was the philosophy

of Mr. Lincoln. He wished all men well. The success of other men was his success. And however the administration, of which he was chief, may have departed from that principle in its action, it never took its sin from him. Mr. Lincoln nursed no personal animosities. Those who differed with him were not necessarily estranged from him, nor from the great cause which he represented. He not only courted reconciliation, but he courted it to a great extent.

He remembered that the distinguished Representative of Maryland, Hon. Henry Winter Davis, differed with the President upon some difficult and delicate questions connected with the subject of reconstruction; and he needed not say to those who remembered so well the eminent abilities of that deceased orator and statesman, that when his dissent to any measure was matured and expressed, it was both pointed and absolute. Mr. Lincoln comprehended this fact of his great and high character. "Tell him," he said to a friend who delivered the message faithfully to him, "Tell Davis to come and see me again. Tell him more. Tell him that in our last argument, which was rather violent, I do not know whether I had the advantage of him, or he had the advantage of me, but at any rate tell him to come and see me again." The earnestness with which he expressed his views on public questions and the tenacity with which he adhered to the great measures of public administration, which had been inaugurated by the government of which he was the head, might indicate a strong degree of pride of opinion, and yet he (Mr. Banks) thought he might say, without exaggeration, that there was no apparent pride of opinion with him.

It was wise and just that his figure in enduring marble by the order of the government should be placed here in the Capitol to remind them in their day, and their successors in the days that were to come, of the virtues of his character, the success of his career, and of the principles which he advocated, defended, and died in maintaining. [Applause.]

That his figure should be embalmed in enduring marble at the order of the government is but meet and proper. Mr. Lincoln rose to eminence from the greatest obscurity, and the artist who has thus so ably contributed to preserving forever his revered memory, is also sprung from extreme obscurity; and now you can read upon her face as well as upon his the earnestness of purpose which has brought both to high and enviable fame. The statue is a most faithful representation of the original. It is him as he lived. It is him as we knew him. In his life he has left us an immortal example, and his character will forever remain a model for posterity. [Applause.]

Address of Mr. Brooks.

Hon. James Brooks, of New York, spoke as follows:

It was appropriate that in unveiling a statue like this a democrat be given an opportunity to express for himself and his associates their common interest both in the man and in the memorial of the man. He who acted so foremost a part as Mr. Lincoln in that portion of our history, the most exciting and most perilous save that of our revolutionary era, is entitled not only to such a memorial as this, but to have it placed here, under the great dome of the Capitol. We have no Parthenon, no Pantheon, no Vatican, no Museo Barbonico, no Pinakothek, no Westminster Abbey, wherein to entomb our illustrious men, or to erect statues to their honor. Yet the time is

Cameo Medallion of Christ

Inscription on reverse side: "From G. Card. Antonelli to his little friend, Miss Minnie Ream. Vatican, Rome, 1870.

coming, nay, in part come, when this rotunda, and the surrounding halls and grounds will be filled with pictures, paintings, frescoes, statuary, bronzes, friezes, bas-reliefs, and other monuments of the world's memorable men. But in the work here that we are unveiling, is the double memorial of not only a chief magistrate, in the prime of life, foully shot down, but the memorial of a woman's handiwork—a woman's plastic art. [Applause.]

The Parthenon, the Vatican, the great museums of Paris, Berlin, and London, bring ever to our eyes the works of some Phidias, or Praxiteles of antiquity, but they show us no marble monuments, busts, nor statues, the finger work of the fairer sex, while here in this rotunda we now see the equal rights of woman are not at the ballot box, but in the pencil, the chisel, the artistic instruments, to perpetuate the human form divine. [Applause.]

Fortunate man, there sculptured, fortunate even in the calamities of his country, for in a beloved Union, he lived to survive them all—fortunate in the trying hour of his death, as he was thus forever consecrated to the Republic by his martyrdom, and immortalized among all mankind—fortunate too in thus being handed down to posterity, by a woman's love of a noble art.

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die." [Applause.]

Address of Senator Patterson.

Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire, was the next speaker. He said it was one of the unlooked-for compensations such as sometimes come in the march of events, that we unveil this statue of Lincoln on the very spot where, with throbbing hearts, we laid the great Magistrate when dead. Thousands came to mourn and bless the martyred statesman beneath the dome which now echoes to the plaudits with which we consecrate his image to an imperishable fame. But, in his own memorable words, "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this monument." "It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that he began."

No monument can increase or prolong the fame of Lincoln. His secured greatness adds a lustre to the marble which we this day dedicate to his memory, and will survive when this work of genius itself and this massive pile shall have crumbled and mingled with the undistinguishable earth. We have no Pantheon in which to set up the simulacra of our departed statesmen and

heroes, but with mingled pride and gratitude we decorate the capitol of the Republic with the image of her great ruler.

It is a singular felicity that the girl artist, whose unstudied genius has raised to life again our martyred statesman, is a child of that great West which gave him to the country and adds the effulgence of her divine art to the full measure of glory which he reflected upon its annals. To pronounce authoritatively upon a work of art demands something of the knowledge and much of the chastened taste of the artist himself, but sure I am that this is the lean, gaunt figure, and these the solemn, earnest features we knew and loved so well in those long years of hope and fear through which the nation agonized into its new life of liberty and prosperity. The loose and slouchy dress of the yeoman, which the President only half yielded with reluctance amid the fashions of the capital, has received from the facile hand of sculpture a becoming ease and grace, but still reminds us of the great soul that took no thought amid the thronging cares and oppressive sorrows of the fraternal strife what he should eat, or what he should drink, or wherewithal he should be clothed. The benignant face seems to drop a benediction upon the proclamation of emancipation which he grasps in his hand. A momentary consciousness of the transcendent glory of that god-like act transfigures for the time the whole man, and a heavenly light glows through the fixed sadness of his features. He felt that this gift of liberty to an oppressed race compensated the long woes of their history, and was a triumphant issue to his own life of toil and pain.

With glad hearts we say hail and God-speed to this daughter of a noble art, who, loyal to the aspirations of her nature, has struggled up from a childhood of penury, without support, and with little sympathy, into fellowship with names that were not born to die.

George P. A. Healy, our distinguished countryman, who is reaping the honors of high art at Rome, pays this beautiful tribute to Miss Ream and the statue which we now inaugurate in the rotunda of the Capitol: "Before you leave for our beloved country with your important national work, which you have so successfully completed, I beg to tender you my sincere congratulations on the admirable likeness you have obtained in your statue of President Lincoln. It represents the very manner of our noble patriot martyr, and will, I feel sure, give great satisfaction to our people when it is placed in the Capitol." [Applause.]

Mr. Patterson proceeded to give a singularly felicitous analysis of the character of Abraham Lincoln and picture of his personal career. When hereafter the youth of the land shall visit these marble halls and muse in these corridors; when they shall ask

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?"

let them turn to that sad face bearing in its lineaments the struggles of many a conflict and the cares of State, and learn that in self-abnegation and loyalty to duty is the secret of true greatness. Lincoln prominently illustrated the genius of our people, and was our leader in the tragic struggle which tested the strength of our government. Let us then emulate the spirit of that life in which the divine attributes so mingled as to adorn every station, and add new dignity and exaltation to the race. [Applause.]

Address of Senator Carpenter.

Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, made the concluding address. He said: In this changeful world our most general emotion, in regard to our friends and benefactors, is the desire to perpetuate our remembrance of them, and to secure some representation that shall recall to our senses their exact appearance long after their forms are hidden in the grave. In this field, striving to satisfy his longing of human nature, the sculptor and the painter have ever been rival laborers, and the museums of the world contain their famous efforts to represent important events in human history, and to preserve the exact forms and features of the greatest and best of the race; and it would have been strange, indeed, if when Abraham Lincoln was stricken down by the hand of an assassin, at the close of the war through which he had conducted the government to victory, our people had not desired to preserve the likeness of his personal presence; and, as if inspired by the fitness of things, the representatives of the people resolved to place a statue of Mr. Lincoln in the National Capitol, and Vinnie Ream was employed for that purpose.

Surprise has been expressed that Congress should have passed by many American artists of world-wide renown, and have employed

A Young Girl Unknown to Fame,

who had never been abroad, nor studied the master-pieces of ancient art, to execute a great work which national affection demanded. But here, whether from design, or from what is called accident, which not unfrequently guides human affairs more wisely than could wisdom itself, the selection was most fortunate. A young artist is content to imitate nature. His highest ambition is to make a likeness. But, succeeding in this, and gaining a name, he aspires to be more than a mere imitator, and almost invariably resolves to become a creator. He falls in with the master-pieces of Grecian art, in which mythology so fearfully predominates over nature, and, unable to surpass what he finds already accomplished, becomes at last a mere imitator, not of nature, for that he scorns, but an imitator of the ancient schools of art; and the result is a mongrel production, neither resembling a god nor looking like a man.

An imitator of other men's work, a mere copyist, is necessarily a humbug; and that there is no great American work of art is because our artists are

Content to Imitate,

and lack the courage to strike out for themselves. The art of a nation should be a part of the nation, inspired and developed by the national surroundings. The war of '76 established our political separation from, but not our independence of Great Britain. For full half a century no man thought of any other standard of judgment than the public sentiment of England. The literature of the Eastern States is not yet altogether enfranchised. Even the abolition of slavery by the thirteenth amendment has not abolished the slavery of custom in those States which possess most of the fruits of what is called education. It is only in the West, where we are very like nature herself, that men speak and act as they feel, never fearing the censures of a foreign school, because

they never hear of it. On the broad savannas of the West, by its boundless lakes, its endless rivers, man feels so humbled in the presence of nature, where God has poured out his richness and greatness that he regards nature as everything; and from nature, not from man, from the will of God revealed in his works, not from the dogmas of the schoolmen, he draws his inspiration.

The master-piece of Grecian art may unquestionably be studied with profit; but mainly to see how the sculptors of that day represented the ideality of their race. The Athenians believed that human affairs were conducted by innumerable gods—every great man to be a god in disguise—and the funeral of such a man was his apotheosis. God and Men were confounded, and the statuary of that period may be consulted to learn how that idea could best be represented in marble. But it is little less than absurd, in this practical age and country, to clothe the statues of great men with drapery and surroundings appropriate only to the gods of Greek mythology. [Applause.]

What Vinnie Ream Might have Done.

Those who have visited the studio of our fair artist, and studied the little gems of beauty and the stately representations of her conception of grace and majesty, cannot doubt that she is capable of embodying in a statue of Lincoln a creditable conception of Jupiter hurling his thunderbolts, or of Mars, with his red right hand bared to execute vengeance, or of Cicero in the Senate, animated by debate, tossing back the ample folds of

The Roman Toga.

Thus she might have produced a fable in marble, beholding which no man could say where Lincoln stopped and Jupiter commenced, nor distinguish that which represented the fact from that which embodied the fancy of the artist. Thus she might have cheated her employers and have libeled the great departed, and her statue might have been placed in the Capitol amid the hosannas of the artist, while an Illinois neighbor could not detect the remotest resemblance to the plain old man with whose incomings and outgoings he had been familiar for years. [Applause.]

Our artist was aware that no flattery was expected at her hands. When the people employed her to execute this work, they were in no mood for dissembling. War is a severe teacher of sincerity and truth. The people did not desire somebody's conception of what a great leader of a mighty people, in the most fearful crisis of their history, ought to look like. But they did wish for an exact likeness of Abraham Lincoln. And who was this Abraham Lincoln, the remembrance of whom they desired to perpetuate? Was he like Jupiter or Apollo—like Caesar or Cicero—like Cromwell or Napoleon? No, no; like neither of these. And the people did not employ Vinnie Ream to make a statue of either of these, but of Abraham Lincoln as he appeared in the White House, and there he appeared just as he did on the prairies and in the court rooms of the West. He was half farmer, half lawyer, and altogether a child of nature. He never punished his great feet by wearing small boots, nor disguised his huge hands with kid gloves. All the embellishments of dress and observances of mere fashion he left to those who have a mind for

such things. But he was a very remarkable man, and his appearance commanded attention and compelled respect. He was tall and gaunt of figure, wholly destitute of grace, slovenly in dress, with a face sadder than ever was worn by man before; a face which mirrored the melancholy scenes in which he was so prominent an actor; a face which spoke of the trials which made his life almost insupportable, of nights without sleep and days full of trouble, of governmental cares, of personal griefs, of war and the sufferings which war begets, of battlefields, hospitals and graves, of widows and orphans, of a great heart-bleeding, a great soul sorrowful.

This was the man, whose likeness our people desired to preserve for themselves and for coming generations. Engaged upon such a work, it would have been little less than blasphemy to represent Lincoln in the trappings of mythological heroes, or to take the slightest liberty with his appearance in any respect—to tamper with his form, gestures, features or expression. Cromwell commanded his artist to paint him just as he was, with every wrinkle of his brow and the wart on his cheek. And Vinnie Ream has executed her task in the same spirit of fidelity to the fact. If she has failed at all, it is in presenting a statue more attractive than the original. But failing in this is no impeachment of her genius, for God only could make a face so sad, so rugged, so homely as Lincoln's was.

Of this statue, as a mere work of art, I am no judge. What Praxiteles might have thought of such a work, I neither know nor care; but I am able to say, in presence of this vast and brilliant assembly (most of whom knew him well), that it is Abraham Lincoln all over. Yes, it is more than that; to quote the affectionate appellation employed by his familiar friends and neighbors, it is "Honest Old Abe Lincoln" all over; and I am happy to say that I am authorized by Judge Davis—who, we all know, was Mr. Lincoln's warmest and ancient friend, and of whom Mr. Lincoln said, that if his term of office should expire without his having made him a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, he should consider that his administration had been a failure; and on another occasion Mr. Lincoln said that he expected to have, after the expiration of his Presidential term, about twelve years to practice law among his old associates of the Springfield bar, and his only regret was that

David Davis

would not be there to hold the court; I am authorized by the Judge to say—and no man living is a better judge of the fact—that the statue is an admirable representation of Mr. Lincoln in the mood of serious contemplation as when, for example, he was deliberating upon the emancipation proclamation.

This is an exact copy of the rough casket in which God lodged one of his brightest jewels—Lincoln—second only to Washington, and in history to be compared only with Washington. Lincoln stands there deficient in nothing that belonged to his outward form and physical appearance. Therefore, as a member of the Senate committee appointed to inspect this work, I pronounce it satisfactory, and declare that, in my opinion, Vinnie Ream has faithfully executed the task which she was employed to perform. [Applause.]

But, I should only half perform my duty, did I fail to express to our artist the thanks of the State of Wisconsin, which I have the honor, in part, to represent, and whose daughter she is. The

glory of a State consists in the achievements of her sons and daughters. We know Athens only from the works of her philosophers, her law-givers and statesmen, her sculptors, painters, and orators. We speak of Rome, but we mean Caesar and Cicero, and others, and what they accomplished. Vinnie Ream, born on the heights overlooking the four lakes of Wisconsin's capital city—a spot beautiful enough to be the birthplace of all the artists in the world—has contributed a work which may outlast all the recorded opinions of Wisconsin's ablest judges, and all the spoken orations of her Senators and Representatives; and in the name of the State I give her thanks. [Applause.]

Presentation of the Artist.

Senator Carpenter then led Miss Ream to the front of the platform, and there was a general movement to catch a look at one who has been painted in popular romance as a smiling beauty, winning her way as much by her fascination of manner as by her genius. But it was no doll-like, dimpled face of seductive grace that met the view, but one which told in its paleness, and in the sad, earnest eyes, of overwork, broken health, and a burden of cares and responsibilities beyond her years. It was a face of unmistakable beauty, but it was the beauty of intelligence and genius shining through dark, lustrous eyes, and the lineaments of a mobile countenance. She paused but a moment in answer to the warm applause of sympathy and admiration that greeted her and shrunk back modestly to her inconspicuous seat.

Closing Scenes.

On the conclusion of the ceremonies Miss Ream was surrounded by a crowd eager to congratulate her upon her great success, and among the first was General Sherman, and others of distinction who had known Lincoln well in life. The exterior crowd, who had been unable up to this time to get a good view of the statue, now rushed forward with such eagerness that the police found it difficult to keep the mass from leaping upon the platform in such numbers as to break it down; and up to the time that the lights were put out the pressure in that direction was of the same intense description.

Vinnie Ream

From a painting by George P. A. Healy.

[From "The Independent," New York, February 16, 1871—Mary Clemmer Ames.]

Miss Ream's Statue of Lincoln has been removed from the centre of the Rotunda and has taken its permanent place in the Old Hall of Representatives, and there holds crowded receptions day after day. It is curious to stand here, as it is by any new work of art, listening to the impromptu and impartial comments made by careless gazers as they come and go, as well as to the criticisms and compliments of those who consider themselves competent judges of any work whatsoever under the sun. The average verdict is a most favorable one. That the statue is strikingly a likeness of Mr. Lincoln must be acknowledged by the most prejudiced observer. He stands at his full height, the head bending forward, the face looking downward, as if surveying the Emancipation Proclamation held in his right hand. A long circular cloak—a modern cloak—covers the right shoulder and arm, falling off the left, and caught by the forearm and held by the left hand. This drapery is most happily managed, and gives a breadth and grace to Mr. Lincoln's tall angular figure which nothing else could give, and which no other statue made of him has given. The head and features are boldly and powerfully executed, the features having a force and depth of expression which I have never seen in any other likeness of him. The peculiar setting of the lips, characteristic of him when in deep thought, with the unfathomable melancholy of the eyes of which all men know, in this statue are specially noticeable. I recall a moment in his life when his look and attitude were precisely what they are here. It was just after the funeral of General Lander, at the Church of the Epiphany, whose golden cross I this moment see glittering in the sun. It shone dimly that afternoon against the saddest of rainy skies, and looked down upon one of the most sorrowful of scenes. Almost every day brought a funeral like that—aye, many funerals. Our streets were full of dirges, our houses full of tears. Lander had the faults of an erratic and brilliant genius, but he was a generous man and a heroic soldier—one of the ten-thousands dead at their prime. They bore his body out of the Church, his sword upon his coffin. The hearse moved away with it through the gray air. The soldier's horse with empty stirrups and saddle, riderless, moved slowly after it. The great procession took up its line; the band struck up the solemn march in Saul. Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln stood in the church-door, waiting for their carriage. That very week "Willie Lincoln," the child most like himself, had died. There was the band of crape upon his hat, there was the badge of crape upon his arm. His eyes followed the hearse, moving slowly down the street, and in the look gathered into them, life, death, and eternity seem measured. The Chief of a great nation, what were office or honor to him, in the face of his own grief, in the face of the people's sorrow? A look which held such depth of sadness, I never saw before or since. This was the most powerful impression made by Mr. Lincoln's face on me. He always came back to me as he looked that moment. I see in this new statue in the rotunda the image of the Mr. Lincoln who stood in the door of the Church of the Epiphany. The atmosphere created by it is the same as that which came from the man. It is the most real likeness of Lincoln that I ever saw. It is more himself and less a mere likeness. No one can object to the sadness of the expression. The nation has a right to no other. Whatever it might have been before, from the moment that he became the servant of the people in their time of peril this look gathered and deepened in his eyes, till the hour when he met his own fate in death. I never spoke with Miss Ream—have not the remotest personal acquaintance with her. Thus the opinion recorded above has been given in utter ignorance of the personality of the artist.

Washington, January 31, 1871.

My Dear Miss Ream:

Accept my hearty thanks for your very kind note. It gives me great pleasure to say to you that I heard Mr. Bierstadt, the artist—finest of American Painters certainly—speak in very high terms of your Statue of Mr. Lincoln. He said he liked it very much: that it has expression and feeling, and considering the career of the artist it is a wonderful—a very wonderful success. He says it is perhaps better that it should come from such an artist than from one of established reputation.

This was his voluntary expression, uninfluenced by anyone. He liked the bust "America" very much. I have looked for a photograph of the bust but without success. If you can give me one I shall esteem a favor from one whose friendship I greatly esteem.

Very truly yours,

N. P. Banks.

Miss Vinnie Ream.

American Institute.

40th Annual Exhibition 1871.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the 40th Annual Exhibition held on Wednesday the 3rd day of November 1871. The following Resolution was unanimously adopted.

Resolved

That the hearty thanks of the **BOARD OF MANAGERS** of the 40th National Industrial Exhibition held under the auspices of the American Institute in the City of New York, are hereby tendered to

Miss Vinnie Ream,

for the kind and appreciative alacrity with which, overcoming her professional reserve, she acceded to their pressing request to exhibit before the public during said exhibition to the interest and instruction of all who might see her the interesting process of modelling statuary in clay; for the constancy with which, sacrificing the comforts of home and braving inclemency of weather, she was at her post; for the unflagging zeal with which, before large assemblages, she plied her artist vocation; and for the fidelity and skill with which, under such trying surroundings, she executed her many tasks:—whether modelling the busts of Peter Cooper (colossal), or Rev. Dr. Deems (life size) from the living subjects sitting before her, or those of Horace Greeley and Admiral Farragut from Photographs, her fine artistic taste, truthfulness and skill were in every instance strikingly exemplified, as from the rough clay the vivid semblances of her distinguished subjects grew daily before the eyes of interested Thousands.

In thus devoting her time and **ENERGIES AND TALENTS** to the advancement of public education she has done a great work and

furnished a noble example of self-abnegation.

New York November 3rd 1871

John W. Chambers, Secretary — Wm. Knight, Chairman

Photographed from the original.

Joint Resolution to authorize the Erection of a colossal Statue of the late Admiral Farragut.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the committees on public buildings and grounds of the Senate and House of Representatives be, and they are hereby, instructed to inspect all models for a colossal statue of the late Admiral Farragut that may be presented to them on or before the first of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-three, and select therefrom, within thirty days thereafter, the one that in their judgment shall be the most faithful likeness in form and feature, and the most appropriate to commemorate the deeds and character of the said admiral; and that the Secretary of the Navy be, and he is hereby, directed to contract with the sculptor who shall have prepared the model so selected, for a colossal statue of the said admiral, at a cost not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, to be erected in Farragut square, in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, or in such other place as he may designate: Provided, That if no such model shall be presented on or before the time designated which the said committees shall agree upon as a work of art entirely worthy as a tribute of the nation to the naval hero whose memory it is proposed to commemorate, they may reject any and all so presented, and report the fact to their respective houses.

Approved, April 16, 1872.

A Resolution extending the Time for the Presentation and Selection of Models of a colossal Statue of the late Admiral Farragut.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the time for the presentation of models for a colossal statue of the late Admiral Farragut and the time for the selection therefrom by the committees on public buildings and grounds of the Senate and House of Representatives be extended thirty days beyond the time now fixed by the joint resolution of April sixteen, eighteen hundred and seventy-two.

Approved, December 24, 1872.

113 East 36th Street,
February 22.

My Dear Miss Ream:

I cannot believe any one who ever knew my beloved husband fails to perceive what an excellent likeness you have made of him. Don't be the least discouraged by an adverse criticism, for it is impossible for any one to achieve greatness in any way without being a target to be shot at from the quiver of envy.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Very sincerely yours,

Virginia L. Farragut.

New York, March 8, 1873.

Dear Miss Ream:

I had an opportunity the other day of seeing the model of the statue to my father.

I consider it the best likeness and the best representation in the whole collection at the Capitol.

Very truly yours,

Loyall Farragut.

Headquarters Army of the U. S.,
Washington, D. C., February 18, 1873.

Hon. Eli Perry, M. C.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of February 7th is received, and though I would prefer not to be led into a controversy with artists, whose feelings are unusually sensitive, yet as you ask me a plain question I will give you a plain answer. In going to the Senate chamber on two separate occasions lately I was attracted by the crowd to look at the various models of the Farragut Statue now exposed in the lower vestibule. Of these the plaster model of "Vinnie Ream" struck me decidedly as the best likeness and recalled the memory of the Admiral's face and figure more perfectly than any of the Models there on exhibition. With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

W. T. Sherman,
General.

Washington City, February 10, 1873.

Dear Sir:

I have just been to the Capitol to examine the models for Statues of Farragut, and in my opinion the bust of Miss Vinnie Ream is the only likeness of the Admiral in the lot, and a very good likeness it is. In this opinion I agree with Mrs. Farragut. I think the wife of the man who is to be put in marble should be the best judge whether or not the likeness is a good one, and as Mrs. Farragut as well as the Nation is to be gratified, I think her voice in the matter should be attended to.

I shall be glad at any time if she shall get the award, and wants my opinion on the subject, to give it to her.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Very truly yours,

David D. Porter,
Admiral.

Dr. C. C. Cox,
1335 F Street.

New York, February 27th.

Dear Miss Ream:

I am in receipt of your note, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the fidelity of your bust of the late Admiral Farragut.

My acquaintance with the Admiral was long, and most intimate, and I think your likeness of him remarkably faithful. I am, moreover, glad to know that others, who also knew him well, regard it with equal favor.

I am, yours sincerely,

Samuel Wetmore.

November 13, 1873.
116 East 36th St., N. Y.

Dear Miss Ream:

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Wetmore was an intimate friend of my husband, and I know of no one who has had a better opportunity of understanding his features and expression.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Wetmore is also a gentleman of refined taste, and it gave me great satisfaction to perceive how deeply interested he was in the progress of your work.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Sincerely your friend,

Virginia L. Farragut.

New York, December 7th.

To the Commissioners on Buildings and Grounds:

From a long and intimate acquaintance with the late Admiral Farragut, I take great pleasure in bearing testimony to the faithful and perfect delineation of the features and expression of his face in the bust of him made by Vinnie Ream, and I shall be much gratified if the making of the statue ordered by Congress shall be given to this gifted artist.

Very respectfully,

John J. Cisco.

My Dear Miss Ream:

I herewith enclose a letter addressed to the Commissioners on Public Buildings and Grounds in your behalf for the statue of the late Admiral Farragut. I hope it will be awarded to you, as I am sure you will make it a grand success.

With best wishes, I am, truly yours,

John J. Cisco.

New York, November 30th.

Gentlemen:

Understanding that Congress has made an appropriation for a statue of the late Admiral Farragut, and appointed you to select an Artist, it gives me pleasure to say the model made by Miss Vinnie Ream, and exhibited by her in this City, gave me great satisfaction.

I hope you may be able to award to her the honor of making said Statue.

Very respectfully,

Benjamin H. Fields.

To the Honorable Commissioners on Public Grounds and Buildings,
Washington, D. C.

New York, November 30th.

My Dear Miss Ream:

I have great pleasure in saying to you that I fully concur with Mrs. Farragut in the favorable opinion she expressed in regard to your bust of the Admiral. As you will remember I was several times at your studio during the time you were engaged in finishing it, and thought a somewhat familiar acquaintance with the Admiral warranted me to say to you as I did, that I thought the likeness striking and the bust in all respects an excellent representation of the man.

If my opinion is considered of any value, in any quarter, you are perfectly at liberty to make such use of this note as you may think proper.

I am, very truly yours,

John A. Dix.

202 Broadway, N. Y., December 30, 1872.

Miss Vinnie Ream:

Madam: Although I fear I may be late in the field to do you any service, yet it gives me pleasure to state that I made a careful examination of your likeness of Admiral Farragut, while it was on exhibition in this City, and do not hesitate to say it was very faithful and gratifying. I feel that my long and intimate relations with the grand old Admiral enable me to judge very clearly of the accuracy of any bust or picture that may be made of him, and I am free to confess that the one made by you preserved certain characteristic expressions, which recalled him most vividly to my mind.

Regretting that I have to write this in haste,

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

Jas. E. Montgomery,
Late Secretary to Admiral Farragut.

Albert Pike

Vinnie Ream, Sc., 1872
Modeled from life.

Or∴ of Washington, U. S. A.

20th October, 1877, V∴ E∴

To all Free Masons in all Countries, to whom this Letter may come

∴ W ∴ W ∴ W

Miss Vinnie Ream, Daughter adoption of the Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the 33° Degree of

the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, has received at his hands the Degrees of the Ancient Knight Rite of Adoption; and is by virtue of the same entitled to the generous and kindly consideration and true brotherly regard of all genuine Free Masons, wheresoever he may be in any Country where Masonry is.

We do therefore Commend him to the kind Offices of all Free Masons, of all Rites and Degrees, Ancient and Modern; whom

we do entreat to give her aid, encouragement and assistance in case of need, as unto a sister entitled thereto; to defend and protect her, and avert from her all evil, harm and injury.

Given under our hand and the seal of our arms of Office, at the Grand Orient aforesaid

✠ Albert Pike, 33°
Sov:. Gr:. Comm:.

Brooklyn, N, Y., January 28, 1873.

To the Joint Committee of Public Grounds and Buildings,

Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to state that having served on board the U. S. Flagship "Hartford" from January, 1862, until August, 1863, under the late Admiral Farragut's command, I was necessarily in daily contact with him, and therefore intimately acquainted with his features. Irrespective of this association with the Admiral during the late war, I had known him for years previous to that time, and after the termination of the war I was in the habit of seeing him constantly. I mention the foregoing that you may be assured of my knowledge of the late Admiral.

I have seen the likeness of him executed by Miss Vinnie Ream on several occasions, and once in company with Mrs. Farragut, who expressed her approbation of Miss Ream's likeness of her deceased husband.

From my knowledge of him I have no hesitation in pronouncing the likeness of Miss Ream perfect, and the only one I have seen of the late Admiral.

I have the honor to be,

Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) John L. Broome.

Bureau Equipment and Recruiting, Navy Department,

Washington, February 3, '73.

Miss Vinnie Ream:

Your note of yesterday was duly received, and I deeply regret to hear of the accident to your model of Admiral Farragut, and trust that you will experience no difficulty in restoring it.

You are kind enough to imply that a letter from me, who had served under the distinguished Admiral (as the Executive Officer of his Flagship, which gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him) will be of service to you.

I shall only be too glad if my testimony to the striking likeness, the correctness of costume, etc., will accrue to your deserving merit.

Any one who has seen the Admiral under the various circumstances of life on ship-board for nearly three years, can but be struck by the correct expression of the likeness.

Trusting that your great work may meet with the success it deserves.

I remain, respectfully,

Your friend,

S. A. Kimberly,
Commander, U. S. Navy.

116 East 36th Street, February 7, 1873.

My Dear Miss Ream:

Commodore Kimberly's testimonial is excellent. He knew my husband well, as he states. I don't wonder you wish it returned as I now do by the first mail.

* * * * * * * * * * *

With best wishes for yourself and mother.

Very truly,

Your friend,

Virginia L. Farragut.

Joint resolution amending joint resolution of April sixteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, relating to a statue of the late Admiral Farragut.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized to contract with some suitable and skilful sculptor for a bronze statue of the late Admiral Farragut, as authorized in the joint resolution of April sixteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, to be disposed of as therein directed: Provided, That the selection of the sculptor or artist to execute the statue shall be made by the Secretary of the Navy, the General of the Army, and Mrs. Virginia L. Farragut, or a majority of them.

Approved, June 22, 1874.

(Contract for the Farragut Statue.)

Whereas Congress, by Joint Resolution approved April 16, 1872, instructed the Committees of the Senate and House on Public Buildings and Grounds to inspect all such models for a colossal statue of the late Admiral Farragut as might be presented to them on or before January 1, 1873, and within thirty days thereafter to select from such models the one that should, in their judgment, be the most faithful likeness in form and feature, and the most appropriate to commemorate the deeds and character of the said admiral; and did, by said resolution, direct the Secretary of the Navy to contract with the sculptor who should have prepared the model so selected, for such statue, at a cost not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, to be erected either in Farragut square in the city of Washington, D. C., or in such other place as the said Secretary might designate; said resolution containing a proviso that said committees, in case there should, within said period, be presented to them no such model as they might consider to be a work of art entirely worthy as a tribute of the nation to the naval hero whose memory it was by said resolution proposed to commemorate, might reject any and all models so presented, and report the fact to their respective Houses;

And whereas Congress, by a further resolution, approved December 24, 1872, extended for thirty days the time so fixed for the presentation of models and for selection therefrom;

And whereas, in consequence of there having been made no such selection by said Committees, Congress did, by joint resolution, approved June 22, 1874, authorize the Secretary of the Navy to contract with some suitable and skilful sculptor for a bronze statue of the late Admiral Farragut, as authorized in said resolution of April 16, 1872, and did thereby provide that the selection of the sculptor or artist should be made by the Secretary of the Navy, the General of the Army, and Mrs. Virginia L. Farragut, or a majority of them;

And whereas, a majority of said last named and described persons did, on December 1, 1874, in conformity with said resolution, select Miss Vinnie Ream, of said Washington, sculptor, to execute said statue, and it has thus become the duty of the Secretary of the Navy to contract with said Vinnie Ream for said statue:

Now, therefore, this agreement, made and concluded this 28th day of January, 1875, by and between George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, for and in behalf of the United States, and the said Vinnie Ream, witnesseth, that for and in consideration of the sum of twenty thousand dollars, to be to her paid as hereinafter stipulated, said Vinnie Ream hereby binds herself to execute and deliver and cause to be erected in Farragut square aforesaid, within a reasonable time, a colossal statue, ten feet in height, of the late Admiral David G. Farragut, made of the best quality of bronze, and also a granite pedestal of suitable height, similar in style and equal in quality to that of the Scott statue at the Soldier's Home, in said District, both statue and pedestal to be finished to the reasonable satisfaction of the commissioners who made the award to Miss Ream, or the survivors or survivor of them.

And this agreement further witnesseth, that the Secretary of the Navy, for and in behalf of the United States, and in consideration of the foregoing agreement on the part of the said Vinnie Ream, hereby promises and agrees to pay to said Vinnie Ream, the sum of twenty thousand dollars in installments, as follows, viz.: Five thousand dollars as soon as Congress shall have made the needful appropriation, five thousand dollars on the completion of a plaster model of said statue and pedestal to the reasonable satisfaction of said commissioners, their survivors or survivor, as aforesaid, and the remainder of said sum of twenty thousand dollars when said bronze statue and granite pedestal shall be completed conformably to said model, and shall be delivered and erected in said square, to the reasonable satisfaction of said commissioners, their survivors, or survivor, as aforesaid.

In witness whereof we have hereto set our hands this 28th day of January, 1875.

Geo. M. Robeson,
Secretary of the Navy.
Vinnie Ream.

In presence of—
John A. Bolles.

[From the Evening Telegram, New York, February 23, 1877.]

Chief Justice Waite, who is relieved during the sittings of the joint commission from most of his official cares, is recreating himself, or rather suffering himself to be recreated nightly, by the deft fingers of Miss Vinnie Ream. There is an Author's Festival at Masonic Hall at which a hundred or more young men and women display themselves for charity's sake in separate booths in disguises intended to represent characters of history, poetry and fiction. In one booth are the personages of the "Arabian Nights;" in another the houris of Moore's "Lallah Rookh;" in the next a medley of characters from Dicken's novels. In still another booth Maud Muller and the Judge recline on the grass near the place where the Judge's horse is grazing, and so on. The open floor between the booths, which occupy the sides and ends of the main hall, is broad enough to accommodate an immense crowd, and there is a large adjoining lunch room. The crush has been so great as to fill every foot of space, and yield, at fifty cents admission and an average of twenty-five cents for luncheon or ices, a handsome sum for the relief of the destitute people of the District.

Miss Vinnie Ream.

The principal attraction is the booth at the front end of the hall near the entrance, where, on an elevated platform, the Chief Justice seats himself at eight o'clock P. M. as a model for Miss Ream. The sitting lasts till ten o'clock, and sometimes longer, and is so interesting that the space around the booth is constantly packed with sight-seers. Miss Ream, who has journeyed abroad since she completed her statue of Lincoln, has learned in France and Italy many things new to her about her art. One or two works which she has produced during the past few years, notably a female figure called the Spirit of the Carnival, are far better than anything she had previously attempted. Her facility in modeling in clay is extraordinary. I have never seen a sculptor who could compare with her in the rapid formation of a likeness. When she began the bust of Judge Waite she had in front of her a standard, an iron wire with prongs and a tub of moist clay. Within a couple of hours she had built up in rough the whole fabric of the bust, modeled the shape of the head, and produced an accurate profile. On the following evening she rounded off and expressed one side of the face, and almost completed the coarse modeling of the other side. The sittings are to be continued through the week.

Admiral Farragut.

Vinnie Ream, Sr., 1873–'80.

116 East 36th Street, November 13.

My Dear Miss Ream:

I do not think it possible your art could accomplish a more perfect work than you have done in delineating the features and expression of my dear husband, and it will ever be to me a source of gratification to know when this generation has passed away, the next perhaps more fully appreciating his character and history, will have your faithful and enduring image of him to recall it.

May you always meet with equal success in all your work is the sincere prayer of,

Virginia L. Farragut.

Morristown, N. J., April 20, 1881.

Dear Mrs. Hoxie:

I thank you most heartily for the photographs of the Farragut Statue which came to-day. I trust you have not been too much inconvenienced in procuring them.

When the monument is unveiled some excellent views of it will doubtless be taken and I shall hope to incorporate one in my lecture "What woman has done in Art for a thousand years." I have given the lecture twice already and in nearly sixty illustrations traced the story of woman's work in sculpture and painting from Sabina von Steinback down to Mrs. Hoxie. But I had nothing of Mrs. Hoxie's work to show; albeit she deserves an honorable place in the catalogue. I shall not make the omission next time.

Most gladly would I be present at the unveiling; but I cannot. I am a prisoner here by reason of the delicate state of my wife's health. I shall, however, be with you in spirit and feel sure that the day for you will be one of deserved triumph. With renewed thanks for your kindness and sincere regards to your excellent husband.

I am, your friend,

J. L. Corning.

P. S. You know I have great partiality for that little statue the, "West." If you chance to have a photograph of it I should like to have it with a few explanatory words from yourself. It seems to me to be an excellent piece of idealization. A little poem in marble.

[From the "Times," Philadelphia, April 25, 1881—Emily Edson Briggs.]

The colossal statue of Admiral Farragut by Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, which was cast in bronze at the Washington Navy Yard and removed to Farragut square, will be unveiled on Monday. It is of heroic size, or ten feet high, and represents Farragut with a marine glass in his left hand, with his left foot resting upon a block and tackle. It will face south upon a pedestal ten feet six inches high, with a base about seven feet square. The base is of Maine granite and the total cost of the statue and pedestal is $20,000. Placed in a copper box and imbedded in the pedestal of the statue the following document may be found:

David Glasgow Farragut, the first Admiral of the United States Navy, was born at Campbell's Station, near Knoxville, Tenn., on the 5th day of July, 1801. He was appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy, December 17, 1810. He served during the war between Great Britain and the United States, declared 1812, and in the war between Mexico and the United States, declared 1846. He served with great distinction in the defense of the National Government during the War of the Rebellion, 1861 to 1866. He received successive promotions in recognition of his valuable services, and on July 25, 1866, he was commissioned the first Admiral of the United States Navy. He died August 14, 1870, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, after devoting a lifetime of great honor to the service of his country.

A grateful Nation now erects this statue to his memory.

A. D. 1880.

The Competition for the Statue.

Congress, by a joint resolution, approved April 16, 1872, instructed the committees of the Senate and House of Representatives on public buildings and grounds to inspect all such models for a colossal statue of the late Admiral Farragut as might be presented to them, and select from such models the one that should in their judgment be the most faithful likeness in form and feature, and the most appropriate to commemorate the deeds and character of the said Admiral. Many competed for the honor of making this statue and the committees were unable to agree. Congress therefore extended the time which had been set for the selection, but the committees were still unable to agree. Congress then, by a joint resolution, approved June 22, 1874, authorized the Secretary of the Navy to contract with some suitable and skilful sculptor for a bronze statue of Admiral Farragut, as authorized in the joint resolution of April 16, 1872, and provided that the selection of the sculptor should be made by the Secretary of the Navy, the General of the Army, and the widow of Admiral Farragut. These commissioners so appointed selected as the artist Vinnie Ream, of Washington. Her model of Admiral Farragut was completed in 1880 and by direction of Hon. Richard W. Thompson, the Secretary of the Navy, was delivered at the United States Navy Yard to be reproduced in bronze under the supervision of William H. Shock, Engineer-in-Chief United States Navy. By his order the metal made use of for the purpose was the bronze propeller of Farragut's flagship, the Hartford, in which the Admiral achieved his most signal victories. The bronze which impelled his victorious ship now presents his image to posterity. The work of casting in bronze was done under the direction of Chief Engineer William B. Brooks, the superintendent being Samuel Gelston, and required nine months for completion.

How the Contract was Awarded.

In the winter of 1873 a dozen models designed by different artists were placed in position in the basement of the Capitol at Washington in competition, with the hope entertained by each sculptor that his model would obtain the prize.

After months of delay it was found that the committee never would agree, and to carry out the design a new commission must be formed, and as soon as it was known that Mrs. Farragut and General Sherman were to be in the majority the result was easily conjectured. As soon as the award was made Vinnie Ream began her work. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, with no emotion except to make her colossal work a success. The naval officers flocked about her to suggest and aid, but not without lifting their hats with something akin to awe, feeling, as Carl Schurz has so admirably crystallized in words: "She is not only a woman, but something more." It is only when we can crush out our own personality and forget ourselves that strength is given us to do a great work.

The writer recalls the face and figure of this girl-woman as she stood upon the scaffolding in the dingy barn-like structure where she was so patiently employed at her task. Not an article of luxury of any kind or description met the eye. Dust, water, clay, plaster and old tarpaulin heaped in out-of-the-way corners on the floor. A coarse gray woolen skirt and over it fell the simple calico blouse below the knee; the Cinderella feet enclosed in school shoes rubbed at the toe, child fashion. "The dust and plaster ruin my shoes," said Vinnie, when she saw the wife of a grand official surveying them. Down almost to the hem of the calico blouse, within a foot of the floor, rippled a cascade of dark hair, and such a quantity rarely crowns the head of the loftiest woman. "I want to coil it up," says Vinnie, "for when I am tired it makes my head ache. I would cut it off, but pa won't let me!" So it was fastened back and a gray veil wound around her head, with no more attempt at display than though she were a Carmelite nun. A clear, brilliant brunette complexion, remarkably full, shining black eyes, more potent in speech than the most honeyed words, a slender hand with fair fingers that seemed to be ceaselessly engaged in their work. When her lover proposed marriage she answered: "Wait until my statue is finished." It was only after the intercession of Mrs. Farragut that the marriage took place before the work was done.

As to the merits of the statue, posterity must judge. Mrs. Farragut has only warmest words in its praise; General Sherman says "it is all right," and General Grant pronounces it "first rate."

All honor to the brave little pioneer who has undertaken and achieved so much for woman, for it has been a trial of heroism from first to last. Sharp have been the thorns that have pierced her little feet, salt and bitter the tears that have stained her cheek, but from her home window, which faces Farragut square, when the shadows of life lengthen, her beautiful eyes will rest upon the statue of the old Admiral, whose creation stirred the deepest waters of her nature, and she can feel that her highest dreams, hopes and caresses are immortalized in bronze.

[From the original order of Admiral Porter.]

Navy Department.
1881.

Programme of Ceremonies.

The Board of Admirals ordered by the Honorable Secretary of the Navy to take charge of the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the statue, is composed of the following officers:

Admiral David D. Porter.
Vice Admiral Stephen C. Rowan.
Rear Admiral John Rodgers.
Rear Admiral John L. Worden.
Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers.
Master William C. Babcock, Secretary to the Board.

The reception Committee will consist of the following officers:

Commander A. H. McCormick.
Chief Engineer R. L. Harris.
Paymaster A. W. Bacon.
Lieutenant Commander C. D. Sigsbee.
Lieutenant Commander B. P. Lamberton.
Civil Engineer A. G. Menocal.
Lieutenant A. Dunlap, Jr.
Lieutenant W. A. Reeder.
Passed Assistant Surgeon P. M. Rixey.

This Committee will ascertain, if possible, the number and names of the Survivors of New Orleans and Mobile who intend taking part in the ceremonies of the day, and report to the Board of Admirals, and will consider how they will form in parade, whether on foot or in carriages, or both. The Committee will, under the approval of the Board of Admirals, take charge of the decorations and the stands in the square, regulating the places and seats. They will receive the President, Cabinet, Orators, Sculptors, and other distinguished guests, and also arrange for the accommodation of the Survivors of New Orleans and Mobile, Army, Navy and Marine officers and their families, and other invited guests.

The Committee will have charge of erecting the stands and directing the police of the square. The proposed center stand will accommodate 250. This will be reserved for the President and Cabinet, Orators, Sculptors, Diplomatic Corps, etc. The proposed stand to the south will accommodate 2,000, and will be reserved for Army and Navy officers and their families, and other invited guests.

Formation of Procession.

I. Detachment of police.
II. Grand Marshal, Commodore C. H. Baldwin.
Chief of Staff, Commander H. L. Howison.
Aides, Lieutenants J. A. Rodgers and J. H. C. Coffin.
Staff.—1. Pay inspector J. A. Smith. 2. Chief Engineer H. W. Fitch. 3. Surgeon J. M. Flint. 4. Major G. C. Goodloe.
III. Survivors of New Orleans and Mobile. Carriages or column of fours or both.
IV. Naval Academy Band.
V. Naval School Cadets (eight companies of infantry, column of Company 16 front).

Naval Division.

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II. Marine Band.
III. Battalion of marines (from ships of North Atlantic Squadron, Headquarters Navy Yards Washington and Norfolk, to be sent to Marine Barracks by April 21).
IV. Infantry battalion of sailors (four companies from "Tennessee," two from "Kearsarge").
V. Infantry battalion of sailors (six companies, four from "Constitution," two from "Vandalia").
VI. Infantry battalion of sailors (six companies, four from "Portsmouth," one from "Alliance," one from "Yantic").
VII. Battalion of light artillery (four 3-in. B. L. H., two long and two short Gatling guns, each piece drawn by 200 men from "Saratoga").

Each infantry battalion is to have four markers. Each company to be composed of 32 men, with at least two, and if possible, four guides or sergeants. Each battalion will carry its own colors.

Army Division.

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II. Band of the Artillery.
III. Four companies of Artillery.
IV. One light battery.
V. U. S. Signal Corps.

Militia Division.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Uniform.

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Order of Formation.

I. The Grand Marshal and Staff, and the Survivors of New Orleans and Mobile, will form at 11 A. M., on First street N. W., to the north of Pennsylvania avenue, the right resting on the avenue.

II. The Cadet-Midshipmen will form at 11 A. M., on B street N. W., the right resting on First street N. W., and will follow the Survivors of New Orleans and Mobile as their guard of honor.

III. The Naval Division will form at 11 A. M., on the east front of the Capitol, the right resting on a line with the north face of the Senate wing. The division will move in column of companies by the road leading around the Capitol on the north side, and join the procession at the foot of the Capitol, or at the Naval monument, taking place in line after the Naval Cadets, as before provided.

IV. The Army Division will form at 11 A. M., on Third street N. W., to the north of Pennsylvania avenue, the right resting on the avenue, and will follow the naval brigade, joining the procession as it passes this point.

V. The Militia Division will form at 11 A. M., on Four-and-a-half street, both to the north and south of the avenue, and will follow the Army Division as it passes this point.

VI. The officers of the Army are requested to appear in uniform at the War Department, at 12 M., and proceed in a body to Farragut square at the same time as the officers of the Navy and Marine Corps.

VII. The Militia of the District of Columbia is invited to take part in the ceremonies, the invitation being sent through the Honorable District Commissioners.

VIII. The officers of the Navy and Marine Corps will appear at the Navy Department by 12 M., in the uniform described. When the head of the procession appears in sight on Fifteenth street, they will, under the direction of the Admiral of the Navy, proceed in a body to Farragut square and occupy the places assigned them.

Route of the Procession.

The column will move at 12 M., over the following route: by way of Pennsylvania avenue to Fifteenth street, and again on the avenue to the west side of Lafayette square, thence to Connecticut avenue to Farragut square. At this point the Survivors of New Orleans and Mobile will leave the column (not again to join it) and be assigned places reserved for them on the stand in the square. On arriving at the square, the Cadets and Naval Division will occupy the west side, the Army Division the north side, and the Militia Division the east side, using the side streets as may be necessary. The Divisional Commanders will be furnished with plans of the square, showing the position of the troops.

Ceremonies at the Statue.

The ceremonies at the statue will begin at 1 P. M., or as soon as the procession arrives and the troops are placed about the square.

The following will be the order of exercises:

I. Prayer. Rev. Arthur Brooks.

II. Unveiling of the Statue. (At this moment an Admiral's flag will be displayed, the bands will play, and an Admiral's salute of 17 guns will be fired from a naval battery stationed in Lafayette square, the troops presenting arms at the first gun, and coming to a "carry" on the last, then to a "rest," when the President will address the audience, accepting the statue.)

III. Orators.—Hon. Horace Maynard, ex-Postmaster General, and Hon. D. W. Voorhees, Senator from Indiana.

IV. Music by Marine Band—"Hail to the Chief."

V. Admiral's salute of 17 guns, during which troops will present arms as before, and at the last gun the Admiral's flag will be hauled down.

After the Ceremonies.

The above will end the ceremonies at the statue. During the music the President and his Cabinet and Senior officers of the Army and Navy will leave for the Executive Mansion. The procession will form and move from the west side of Farragut square, along I street to Connecticut avenue, and on passing the point which the statue faces, a marching salute will be given, the Marshal and Division officers continuing the march with their commands.

The procession will move down Connecticut avenue, along west side of Lafayette square to Pennsylvania avenue, entering the grounds of the Executive Mansion by the west gate and pass in review before the President of the United States, giving a marching salute, the Grand Marshal and Staffs leaving the column and taking stations to the right of the President, the Division Commanders and Staff continuing the march with their commands. As the several divisions, battalions or companies arrive at the corner of New York avenue and Fifteenth street they will be at liberty to proceed to their armories, barracks or ships.

David D. Porter,
Admiral.

Approved:
William H. Hunt,
Secretary of the Navy.

Note.—All invited organizations, other than the military, will report to the Grand Marshal, or his Assistant, Commander Howison, at the Navy Yard, before the 25th April, who will assign them positions.

[From "The Evening Star," Washington, April 25, 1881—Crosby S. Noyes, Editor.]

The unveiling of the statue of the late Admiral David Glasgow Farragut took place to-day with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. The day was all that could have been wished, just hazy enough to temper the glare of the sun, and balmy with the breath of spring. It was a day of "filtered sunshine" and "ethereal mildness." There was a general cessation of business, both public and private, after the morning hours. All of the departments of the general and local government closed at noon, and the employes generally joined in the observance of the day. Along the line of march of the procession, flags and streamers were displayed both from public buildings and private residences, and the city wore a holiday look.

The ceremonies began with prayer by Rev. Arthur Brooks.

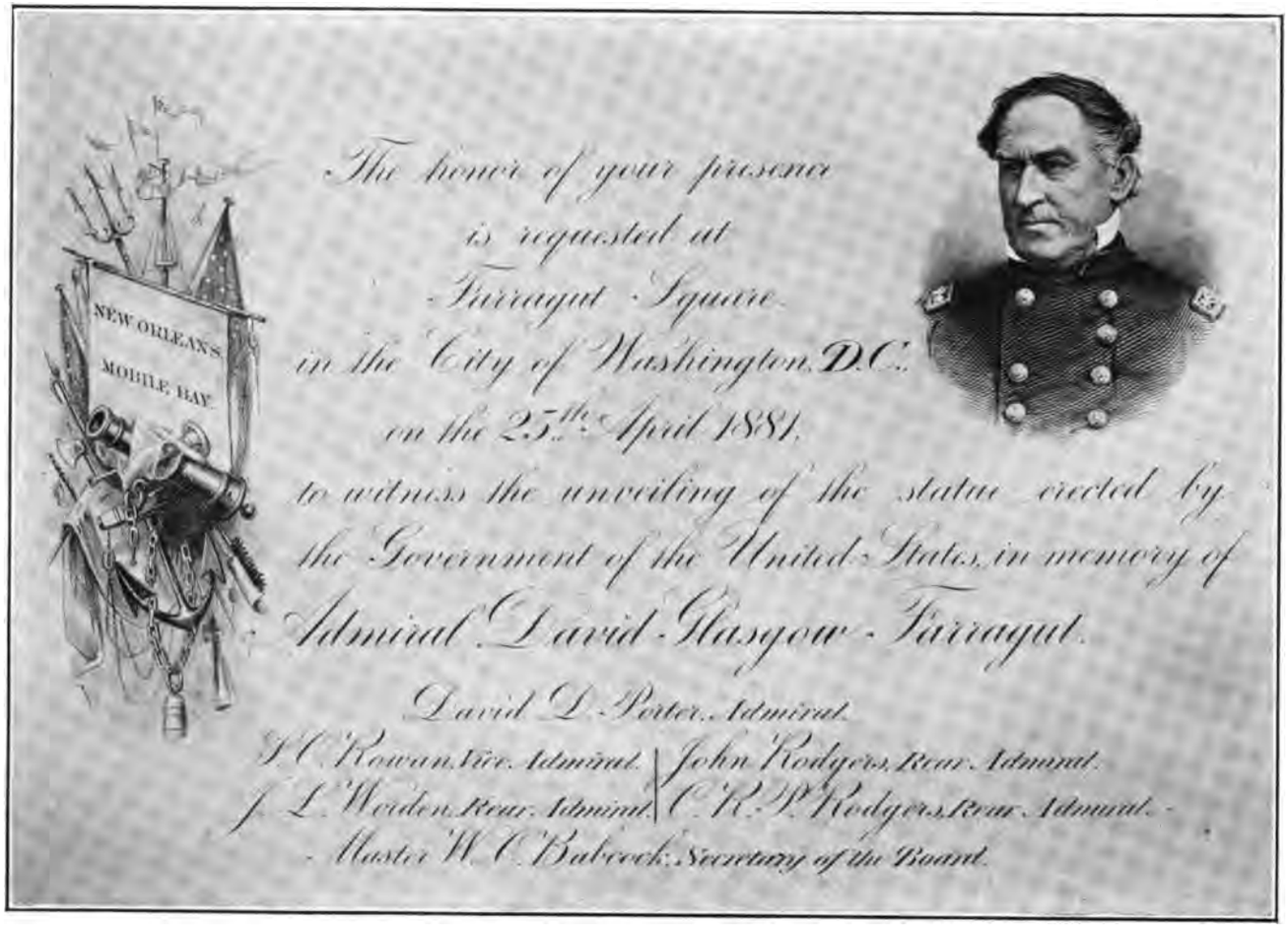
The statue was then unveiled. This part of the programme fell to the hands of Quartermaster Knowles, who was with the Admiral on the flagship when he was lashed to the rigging at the battle of Mobile Bay. He was assisted by James Wiley, who was boatswain on the same flagship. During the ceremony of unveiling, Bartholomew Diggins hoisted and hauled down the Admiral's flag. The unveiling was of itself full of incidents; an admiral's flag was displayed; the drums of the several bands beat four ruffles; the Marine band played an appropriate selection, while in the rear at Lafayette square an admiral's salute of 17 guns was fired from a naval battery. At the sound of the first gun the troops came to a "carry" arms, and when the last was fired, to a "parade rest."

The View of the Statue.

A great shout went up from the multitude as the flag that veiled the statue was withdrawn, showing the figure and features of the grand old naval captain. He is represented standing on the deck of his famous flagship, the Hartford, with one foot resting on a pulley-block, and with a telescopic glass in his hand. The face and pose of the old hero combine at once to tell the story of his character, and that of the great task before him, and which for the time being commands his soul and all his faculties. The expression is thoroughly characteristic, resolute, watchful, reliant. The figure is ten feet in height, and, at its elevation, is a most noble and impressive one.

[From "The Independent," New York, May 5, 1881—Mary Clemmer Ames.]

Washington takes most kindly to a holiday, and no city on the continent can show quite so cosmopolitan and picturesque a multitude as the Capitol City on one of its great gala days. A Summer sun suddenly looked forth on Farragut's Day. The entrancing days of gradation that make the long-drawn-out charm of the Northern Spring are almost unknown in this latitude. Who does not recall with ever lingering delight those days of days, full of youth, full of the first faint monitions of later fruition, of the advancing Summer's triumph of blossoms? Those days of long May walks, when the pale pink bloom of the arbutus first peered through the dead leaves of the last year; when the swelling buds overhead stirred with the first thrill of awakening life, and the



Photographed from the original.

lingering coolness of the air, shot with sunshine, reached us still from the breath of the slowly-retreating Winter? Here "Winter lingers in the lap of Spring" till, some morning, Summer suddenly asserts herself, and, full armed with leaves and blossoms, with no note of warning, abruptly takes possession of the world. Thus we awake some day and find the branches, bare the evening before, waving banners of young leaves, our gardens brave with blossoms, the air fervid with heat, and the world without moving on under umbrellas, fragile silken and cotton barriers lifted against sunstrokes. Such a day was yesterday, when even two brawny "middies" fainted by the way on the gala march. The city followed Nature, and blossomed out in banners. Congress adjourned. The departments were closed and the entire population was abroad. Diversity of race adds to the picturesque aspect of a great Washington gala crowd. The many commingled shades of the colored race; the varied physiognomies of Europeans—the Celt, the Sclav, the Teuton, the Turk; the distinctive contours and profiles which mark the natives of widely separated states, from Maine to California; to say nothing of the diversified attire, repeating every hue and tint of Nature, altogether make a great Washington assembly one of the gayest and most cosmopolitan in the world. I said last week that we love our heroes, and one is never so sure of it as when we see the people come forth to decorate their graves or to unveil monuments to their memory. Washington is rapidly becoming a city of monuments and statues. One hundred years hence, the American may walk through it a marvelously beautiful acropolis of the past. Even Sarah Bernhardt laments that we are "so young." But, without the rich accretions of the centuries lying at our back, that Europe has, never did a people crowd into one hundred years of existence such wealth of material, energy, and of heroic memory as the union of the States has garnered. How pale and poor are words to paint for you the picture of yesterday—the bannered city; the marching army and navy; the applauding populace of every shade and phase of life, of race, of costume! Farragut square, at the west end of the city, a few years since an open waste, is to-day encircled with splendid homes, many of them triumphs of architectural art. Around it, the morning of the unveiling, cannon were massed, and a vast concourse of people pressed for blocks away. The central figure of the square was the heroic statue, veiled in the national colors and surrounded by towering potted plants, in full bloom. Men had worked all day Sunday and all night to complete the pedestal on which the statue stood. It was finished early Monday morning. The four bronze mortars stood on their four sub-pedestals.

The statue faces the southeast, looking down Connecticut avenue. It represents the Admiral standing, with telescopic glass in hand, and his right foot resting on a tackle block, as though looking over the scene.

It was an inspiring sight. Besides the vast multitude of civilians; the host of soldiers and sailors, in their glittering uniforms; the rainbow hues of the Spring appareling of thousands of women; the decorated houses surrounding the square, glinting with flags and filled with bright faces from basement to roof—all were framed in the delicate interlacing of the young leaved trees and mounted by the snowy tracery of the delicate clouds, that fluttered like feathers against the warm blue of the April sky. President Garfield's speech was happy, as his speeches always are.

The speeches of Hon. Horace Maynard and of Senator Voorhees were equally admirable.

It has its own significance—the fact that this statue of an American hero, which is to go down to posterity, was chosen by a woman and wrought by a woman. When, ten years ago, it was decided by Congress that a statue should be erected to keep living and present before coming generations the presence and person of the great Admiral, many masters in art sent their models from different parts of the world, each hoping to be the chosen competitor. After prolonged deliberation and discussion, the committee of selection accepted the model preferred and chosen by Mrs. Farragut—a full-length portrait figure, untouched of allegory; just the man himself, the Admiral, with one foot lifted; leaning slightly forward, yet with head erect; with face attent; glass in hand, as he had stood many hundred times, gazing out over distant seas. In the words of Horace Maynard: "A maiden artist was chosen by widowed affection, who detected in her handiwork the most exact reproduction of the loved and idolized original."

The last sentence indicates the exact truth concerning the statue. It is simply Farragut. Not Farragut idealized, or sublimated, or artistically heroic; but just the man himself—alert, vigilant, strong-eyed, strong-nerved, compact, a hero, without embellishment or fine feathers of any sort. "The common people" of later generations, gazing up at this man on a pedestal, may say: "Why, he is one of us!" The strong, wiry, keen-eyed man will gaze and simply say : "A Man! He is my brother." Not even the image of a horse stands between him and the people. Just a man on watch, a man on duty, with the true heart of a patriot in his breast, the unflinching eyes of a sailor in his head, and the undaunted front of a hero, ready to die, if needs be, for his country. Thus Farragut, in the statue wrought by Vinnie Ream, goes down to posterity.

[From "The New York Tribune," New York, April 26, 1881.]

The statue of Admiral Farragut, in Farragut square, Washington, was formally unveiled yesterday, with appropriate ceremonies, including a military and naval parade. President Garfield received the statue in the name of the Nation. Addresses were made by ex-Postmaster General Maynard and Senator Voorhees.

The Statue and the Ceremonies.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Washington, April 25.—The statue of Admiral Farragut, by Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, was dedicated to-day. Since the departure of the thousands of strangers who visited Washington to witness and take part in the ceremonies of the inauguration of President Garfield, and since the more tardy disappearance of the throngs of patriots who lingered in the hope of receiving offices, the city has worn an air of dulness. The so-called proceedings of the Senate have not attracted anybody from abroad, and the wide thoroughfares and promenades have been almost deserted. To-day, however, dulness was changed to animation. At an early hour the stirring notes of martial music were heard, and companies of men in uniform marched toward the Capitol, where the military and naval procession was to form. The vessels of the North Atlantic squadron

anchored off Alexandria sent up by rail their complement of sailors, marines, and boys from the training-ships. The cadets from the Naval Academy had arrived and were mustered to form the right of the first division of the column. The companies of regular artillery which compose the garrison of Washington were early on the ground, as were the officers and men of the Signal Corps, armed with carbines. The military companies of the District were out in force in all the bravery of militia dress. Naval officers in showy uniforms, mounted on such steeds as they could procure for the occasion, dashed hither and thither; while the lobbies of the hotels blazed with the gold-laced and epauletted sons of Mars and Neptune.

Before noon thousands of people thronged the sidewalks in Pennsylvania avenue, the magnificent and often-described parade thoroughfare of Washington, over which have marched so many thousands of brave men going to and returning from war. At 12 o'clock work in the Government Departments ceased for the day, and thousands of clerks and other employes joined the other thousands of people already congregated wherever a view of the procession could be had, or hastened to Farragut square, which to-day was the center of attraction. The procession started promptly at noon. Eight companies of naval cadets, numbering 400 young men, marching as infantry and commanded by cadet midshipmen, composed the right of the column. This regiment was commanded by Commander Robinson, of the Navy, and presented a fine appearance. The second division was commanded by Captain R. W. Meade, U. S. N., and was composed of marines, sailors and boys from training-ships. There were 24 companies, about 600 men, marching as infantry, besides two naval light batteries manned by apprentices from the training-ships. This division and the first division, which together made up the purely naval part of the display, attracted much attention and received deserved praise. The third or Army division was commanded by Colonel Pennington, and consisted of four batteries of the 2d Artillery, equipped and marching as infantry, a battery of light artillery, and four companies of the Signal Corps, armed with carbines and marching as infantry. The fourth division was composed of the militia companies of the District of Columbia. The citizens of the District justly feel great pride in their militia organizations, which compare favorably in material, drill and discipline with any similar organizations in the Union. Several of the companies are composed of colored men and these are lustily cheered by the colored population of Washington whenever they turn out. Taken as a whole, the military and naval display was a creditable one, although, of course, when compared with that of Inauguration Day, it was insignificant as to size. Probably never before has so large a body of officers and men belonging to the American Navy paraded in Washington, which, although it boasts a navy yard, is not a seaport and cannot be reached by the larger vessels of the Navy.

The Site of the Statue.

The line of march extended from the Naval Monument, at the western entrance to the Capitol grounds, to Farragut square. Farragut square, selected to be the site of the statue, is in the very heart of the most fashionable quarter of Washington. Surrounding it on all sides are stately mansions for half a mile in any direction. The squares are built up with the residences of wealth and

taste, exhibiting a variety of modern architecture perhaps unexcelled for beauty in any city in the world. Hardly forty rods distant stands the Executive Mansion, the view from its front windows to the newly unveiled statue being unobstructed except by the luxuriant trees and shrubbery of Jackson square. One of the Mansions fronting upon Farragut square is the home of Lieutenant Hoxie, the Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and his wife, the artist, the fruit of whose brain was to-day unveiled to the gaze of many thousand applauding spectators, including the beauty and eminence of the National Capital. Another is the official home of the Chinese Embassy. Within rifle shot in different directions stand the bronze equestrian statues of five of America's most notable heroes—George Washington a short half-mile to the west, Andrew Jackson in the center of the square bearing his name, McPherson two or three blocks toward the east, George H. Thomas and Winfield Scott an equal distance to the northeast and north respectively. These monuments mark the centers of squares and circles formed for the most part by the joint intersection of the series of streets and avenues which are the peculiarity of the topography of this city, and which serve, together with the broad, smooth pavements and the tasteful architecture of the modern residences of the neighborhood, to make Washington a city of surpassing beauty.

For the occasion to-day large sloping stands holding chairs for between three and four thousand guests were erected near the statue and enclosing one-half the parallelogram in the center of which it stands, leaving the remaining space for the accommodation of the standing multitudes. These stands, as well as the neighboring buildings, were tastefully adorned with bunting. Among the earlier arrivals of note was Mrs. Hoxie, escorted by Captain Phelps, ex-District Commissioner. She was for a few moments the center of an admiring group of naval officers and people of note, and was the unconscious recipient of innumerable compliments from less fortunate people near her. She occupied a chair immediately behind the stand of the orators of the day. A few moments later the President, accompanied by the Secretary of the Navy, the latter being the master of ceremonies, made their way through the opening crowds and took the seats allotted to them. These were followed after a brief interval by Mrs. Farragut, the most honored guest of the occasion, accompanied by Mrs. Garfield, the two ladies being escorted by naval officers to seats between the President and Mrs. Hoxie. Senators, diplomats, Cabinet Ministers, judges and private citizens of note, with ladies, were now arriving and taking the places reserved for them.

Some two hundred members of the Grand Army of the Republic of this District, bearing white silk guidons embroidered with the badges of their respective army corps and preceded by an extemporized martial band playing "Hold the Fort," marched into the enclosure, and soon after them came an equal number of naval and military officers, comprising those of the highest rank in either branch. They were in full uniform, and contributed, with their golden adornments, the most conspicuous living feature of the spectacle. Noble looking men they were, from the gray-haired heroes of Mexico to the bronzed but still active veteran commanders of the Rebellion. Intelligence, self-reliance and firmness, the characteristic marks of those who serve long in military or naval commands, were the common expression of all. The approach of the marching column was announced by the booming of cannon, and shortly the din of brass bands, drum corps and trumpet corps, as the troops approached and took their positions in line upon the outskirts of the crowd, filled the air. The heat of the sun was somewhat oppressive, but there was no dust.

David Glasgow Farragut

Vinnie Ream, Sc., 1873–'80.

The Opening of the Ceremonies.

All being in readiness, Secretary Hunt announced the opening of the ceremonies by prayer. The voice of the speaker was not audible to one-tenth of the assemblage, but perfect order prevailed, as it did throughout the day. Upon the conclusion of the prayer, all being in readiness, the signal was given, and the flags which had hitherto veiled the bronze "counterfeit presentment" of the old hero fell away, and the statue was saluted by the hearty cheers of the throng.

The figure is of heroic size, and stands in an easy position, with one foot resting upon a pulley block around which a cable is coiled. In the hands lies a telescope. The face, a fine likeness, bears an expression of concentrated interest in something at a distance. The whole work is bold and striking. It stands upon a square pedestal of smooth granite of plain and tasteful design, twelve feet in height. At each of its corners is placed a large cube of uncut granite, upon which rest bronze mortars with carriages of the same material. The metal of which the statue and the mortars were cast is that which formed the propeller of the flagship of Admiral Farragut, the Hartford. The base of the monument is formed of three tiers of uncut granite, the lower tier measuring twenty feet upon each side. The height of the entire monument, including the statue, is nearly thirty feet from the ground. Upon the muzzles of the mortars were wreaths of flowers, while wreaths, baskets and other floral adornments were placed about the pedestal. Four stalwart blue-shirted tars stood at the corners of the pedestal until the unveiling, after which they, with Quartermaster Knowles, who was with Farragut at Mobile, gathered upon the side facing the orators of the day, where they remained during the ceremonies. At the moment of unveiling an admiral's flag, which had been suspended in a ball upon a flagstaff erected a few feet distant, was unfurled, the bands played "Hail to the Chief," and the artillery fired a salvo in salute. Immediately following the unveiling the President was introduced by Secretary Hunt, and, in a brief but eloquent speech delivered with his customary ringing, mellow voice, accepted the statue in the name of the Nation.

Acceptance of the Statue.

President Garfield said:

Fellow-Citizens: It is the singular province of art to break down the limitations which separate the generations of men from each other, and allow those of past generations to be comrades and associates of those now living. This capital is silently being filled up with the heroes of other times. Men of three wars have taken their places in silent eloquence as the guardians and guides of the Nation they loved so well; and as the years pass on these squares and public places will be rendered more and more populous, more and more eloquent, by the presence of dead heroes of other days. From all quarters of the country, from all generations of its life, from all portions of its service, these heroes come, by the ministry and mystery of art, to take their places and stand as permanent guardians of our Nation's glory. To-day we come to hail this hero, who comes from the sea, down from the shrouds of his flagship, wreathed with the smoke and glory of victory, bringing sixty years of National life and honor, to take his place as an honored compatriot and perpetual guardian of his Nation's glory. In the name of the Nation, I accept this noble statue; and his country will guard it as he guarded his country. [Applause.]

Ex-Postmaster-General Horace Maynard followed the President and delivered an address, saying, in part:

They who visit the wondrous pile of St. Sophia are taken to a remote corner of one of the galleries, where, inserted in the pavement, is a small tablet inscribed with the name only, Henricus Dandolo. Here, the tradition is and the general belief, was buried the blind old warrior Doge of Venice, and hither, from year to year, come thousands, Christians and Moslems, to gaze upon the honored name and to do reverence to the memory of the renowned commander. Venice is discrowned; the bride of the Adriatic no longer celebrates her annual espousals; upon her towers and palaces Time has stamped the ineffaceable mark of decay; but, after nearly seven centuries, the fame of Henry Dandolo is undiminished as a conspicuous actor's in the world's affairs. Great men—the great in thought and, still more, the great in action—are the greatest of God's earthly things. They are the peculiar riches, first of their own land, then of the age in which they live, lastly of the race. It is well, then, that their lives be cherished and their noble deeds recorded, in the alcoves of the library, by inscriptions for the public eye, in monumental bronze and enduring granite. So thought the American people when, full ten years ago, they followed to the grave the remains of their great Admiral. By their chosen Representatives in Congress they invoked the assistance of art to embody and preserve his priceless memory. Models of designs were submitted by many of the most gifted and successful masters, each emulous to connect his name indissolubly with the undying name of the naval chieftain. After much discussion and long deliberation, a full-length portrait figure was adopted in preference to more complex—some of them highly allegorical—designs, and a maiden artist was selected at the instance of widowed affection, which detected in her handiwork the most exact reproduction of the loved and idolized original. The result is the assemblage here to-day.

It would be vain, perhaps indelicate, to enter the domain of art criticism and attempt to decide beforehand what must be determined by the agreeing judgment of men. We here and now dedicate our work to posterity. We leave posterity to pass upon its merits. Not the symbol, not the sign, but the signified absorbs our present attention—the great character which, in the fulness of its reputation, has passed into history. The professional life of the naval officer is, by its very conditions, withdrawn from the public eye. At home only on the wave, he passes among his countrymen almost a stranger and unobserved. In this regard he is like his own great ships, which show their masterful powers not at anchor and in port, but on the wide sea, in the agony of the storm or amid the pealing thunder of war.

It is not strange, then, that when in our recent civil struggle the early naval successes electrified the Nation, the name even of the great captain—for at that time he was but a captain—was unfamiliar to the eye as well as to the ear of his countrymen. This is my apology for a biographical sketch.

Mr. Maynard then sketched the career of Admiral Farragut from his birth, on July 5, 1801, to his death, on the 14th of August, 1870, and continued:

The incidents of his life aptly illustrate the Union, for the preservation of which he devoted his ripest powers. The constellations of the South shed their influences around his cradle, and

after life's fitful fever he sleeps well under a Northern sky. The North and the South, the East and the boundless West are the common country to which, and not to a part, he consecrated his manly gifts; and it is no solecism to assert that in this case the whole is greater than all its parts. And when the time comes—as come it will—that the children of the South, seeing the glory and the surpassing prosperity of the Nation, shall rejoice that they, too, retain their birthright in this matchless inheritance, they will have nothing but blessings and benedictions for the brave, true-hearted man of the sea, who labored wisely and unselfishly to prevent its being madly thrown away.

The character of Admiral Farragut would be left incomplete were no mention made of the deep religious sentiment which pervaded it. No Puritan of Cromwell's army trusted more implicitly in an overruling Providence, or looked upon himself more humbly as an instrument in the Divine hand for the accomplishment of the eternal purposes. God was in all his thoughts. The temper of his religion was cheerful and genial—gentle in spirit, almost to woman's tenderness. While he was magnanimous, sagacious and bold, he was also faithful, candid and just. For his personal qualities, no less than for his warlike deeds, the old hero is conspicuous on the roll which his countrymen will keep in lasting remembrance. The voice of antiquity redoubles itself to-day. 'Pulchrum est benefacer republicae'—blessed, thrice blessed, are the benefactors of the Republic. It is related that Mr. McDuffie, when in Congress from South Carolina, announced in his place one morning, with his usual tone and manner, that he had for presentation a petition for the relief of the widow and heirs of one Decatur. Then, as if recollecting himself, he added, with peculiar emphasis, "I say of one Decatur, for there was but one." In the same lofty strain, and for a like reason, may they who shall speak of Farragut declare, "There was but one."

Address by Daniel W. Voorhees.

At the conclusion of Mr. Maynard's address, Senator Daniel W. Voorhees advanced to the front of the platform. After the applause with which he was greeted had subsided, Mr. Voorhees said:

This is an occasion on which the best emotions of the American heart are inspired. We are here to pay ceremonial honors to the memory of one whose deeds of peril and of high renown in defence of his country adorn more than half a century of his country's history. No good life is ever wholly extinguished, even in this world. He who has lived for the welfare of his fellow-men, for the cause of free and enlightened government, and to enlarge the boundaries of human happiness, lives on forever, even here, upon the shores of time. For the benefactors of the human race there is no death. The centuries may move on in an endless procession over their graves; human society may be transformed by revolutions; the world may be carried by the spirit of progress from old conditions to new ones—yet the influences of the philanthropist, the hero, and the law-giver, in eternal strength and beauty, will keep pace with them all, and give color and shape to the conduct of the remotest generations. It is in recognition of this great fact that statues and monuments have arisen all over the face of the civilized globe. The influences of the illustrious dead are always active in the affairs of the world, and the wish has been strong in every age to perpetuate their form and features, and to transmit them to posterity. This day and hour the Government

of the United States unveils to the world the statue of Farragut, the statue of a naval commander first in American history and second to no one who has handled ships in battle since the day on which Themistocles beat Xerxes at "Sea Born Salamis." Happy and fortunate is he who stands in brass or marble at the behest of a grateful country and in time to be gazed upon by those who knew and loved him in life.

In the beginning of the century he had learned the lesson of naval warfare under the old system of wood and sails and in the open sea, but he had kept pace with the spirit of American progress, and soon showed that he was master of the problems of steam and iron, and at home in river, bay or harbor. He embraced within himself all the splendid associations, patriotism and courage of the Navy of the past, together with a full appreciation of the advancements of modern science. To complete his character as a hero, his love of country was not merely a conviction of duty; it was that and more; it was the ruling passion of his soul. He loved the flag with all of a sailor's affection, and his allegiance to his Government was more of a deep reverence for that power in whose service he had fought, and whose name and fame had been his joy from childhood, than an ordinary sense of attachment.

With a lofty and stern enthusiasm, but without bitterness of heart, he struck the Rebellion its hardest blow and gave his name to immortality in the restoration of the American Union.

But why dwell in this presence upon the war for the possession of the Father of Waters? Why recount the glories and the dangers of the ports of New Orleans and of Vicksburg on this occasion? Why tell of the dread magnificence of Mobile Bay to those who are listening to me now? I see many heroes who were in the flame and smoke of those terrific conflicts, and whose names will descend to posterity with that of their great commander. They saw him at his best, they saw him with the light of battle in his face, they saw him intrepid in action and humane in victory, they saw his scorn for personal danger and heard his orders given with coolness and precision when aloft in the rigging of his ship under a fire as strong and as accurate as ever assailed a fleet. I am speaking to those who were with him from the beginning to the end—from January, 1862, to April, 1865—during three years and three months of continuous triumph and honor. You know his deeds and his fame. His place is first amongst the naval heroes of history. His is no second name in the roll-call of the sea kings of the world.

American Admiral and British Peer.

Nelson died in the arms of victory, and was buried amidst the sobs of the English nation in Westminster Abbey, but there is a higher niche in the temple of fame for the American Admiral than for the British Peer. To beat the French at sea three-quarters of a century ago was an easier task than to reduce batteries and capture ships manned by Americans and defended by all the improvements of modern warfare. In other countries Farragut would have been decorated with honors and worn the title of duke or earl, with the income of a prince. We gave him the highest rank known to his profession, and have decreed him a statue in the capital. And now soon these assembled thousands will disappear from this consecrated spot and Farragut will be left alone as he stands revealed by the magic power of art. But others will come to look upon his commanding presence in the days and in the years and in the far distant centuries of the future. The American

youth will here resort to behold one whose boyhood was the bright, heroic dawn of a life so useful and so inspiring to noble deeds. Old age will pause and linger here in rapt admiration of one who with the weight of three-score years and more upon him crowded the evening of his life so full of glory in the defence of his country. Presidents, law-makers, heads of departments and public officials of every grade will visit this spot as long as American patriotism endures to reverence one whose life was dedicated to public duty in his childhood and who left the world with no blemish upon any part of his long career. The soldier and the sailor will come to gaze upon the face of the bravest of the brave, and to drink in lessons of courage and fidelity for future wars, if they should unhappily befall us. The American citizen of every calling and of every section, as long as the Republic exists, will here dwell with emotions of pride upon a character too great for a divided love amongst his countrymen.

May every portion of the American Union salute his statue with equal honor, and may that union stand in justice, peace, fraternity and equality, while brass and marble endure. [Applause.]

After the Dedication.

After the ceremonies at the statue were concluded the procession was reformed and marched past the portico of the Executive Mansion, where it was reviewed by the President and his distinguished guests, including the most prominent officers of the Army and Navy. During the ceremonies the house of Mrs. Hoxie was filled with friends, who witnessed the proceedings from its windows. Among them were Mrs. Admiral Porter, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, Mrs. Commodore Shock, Mrs. Commodore Jeffers, Mrs. Commodore Beardsley, Mrs. General Sherman, and Mrs. Senator Morrill and her sister, Miss Swann. Upon the conclusion of the ceremonies Mrs. Hoxie went to the Executive Mansion and was present at the review of the column, after which she returned to her own home. There she was called upon by numbers of friends, among them many naval officers who called to congratulate her. The story of the artist's work may be briefly told. She was one of many competitors, and her model was selected by the deciding vote of Mrs. Farragut, who said that it is best recalled to her the form and features of her husband. Mrs. Farragut has been in frequent communication with the artist during the six years since the work was begun and has on several occasions visited her studio at the Navy Yard in this city. Naval officers, and even the sailors and marines who were here during the progress of the work, became interested in it and were frequent visitors to the studio. The original model was seven feet in height, and the statue an exact counterpart, was cast from a second one, two feet taller, fashioned by Mrs. Hoxie. The work was all done at the Navy Yard, and its mechanical portion was performed by the artisans employed by the Government—the first work of the kind they had ever attempted. Several months were consumed in the casting, and much anxiety was felt that it should be a creditable piece of work. No pains were spared to insure success.

Among the persons of note present at the unveiling of the statue were Mr. Loyall Farragut of New York City, and wife, Admiral D. D. Porter, Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, Rear Admirals John Rodgers, J. L. Worden, C. R. P. Rogers, T. H. Patterson, E. T. Nichols, R. H. Wyman, G. B. Balche and D. McN. Fairfax, of the active list, and Rear Admirals S. M. Powell, T. O. Selfridge, W. Radford, T. Turner, C. H. Poor, S. P. Lee, Melancthon Smith, C. S. Boggs, T. A. Jenkins, B. F. Sands, G. F. Emmons, G. H. Scott, J. J. Almy, J. H. Strong, W. E. Leroy, R. M. Stembel, J. R. M. Mullany and Edward Middleton, of the retired list.

Washington, 25° December, 1882.

Dear Vinnie:

I send you this book, a few copies only whereof I have had printed, wishing that the poems which it contains may be in the possession of a few old and new friends.

I send it to you, Darling, as much more to me than a friend. I have loved you very dearly for sixteen years with the pure and perfect love of an old man for a winsome child; and in all that time you have been the same dear loving child to me that you was at the beginning, never petulant or capricious, never ashamed to let it be seen that you loved me.

When the day comes, now not very far distant, when I shall be no longer seen by you, but only remembered, and only here and there one in all the world will any more speak or think of me, you, I believe, will find a melancholy pleasure in reading, now and then, the verses in this book that were addressed to you, every one of them the true utterance of a loving heart. God bless you, Darling, and make happy all who are dear to you.

Albert Pike.

[From "Hymns to the Gods and other poems"—Albert Pike."]

The Bridal.

Ring, bells! your glad carillons,
For two fond hearts made one,
The old, old story telling,
In Paradise begun.

To holy church now cometh
The soldier with his bride,
Up the aisle gravely pacing,
Unto the altar-side.

Worth against many rivals,
Wins more than golden fruit;
Grace, virtue, genius, beauty,
Reward his patient suit.

Queen over hearts long reigning,
She lays her sceptre down,
One heart must now content her,
One love be all her crown.

Must we say "Good-bye!" Darling?
Ah! word so hard to say!
Must we, so long adoring,
Give you to him to-day?

Vinnie Ream

May 28, 1878.

Dear heart of child so loving,
So tender and so true,
Heart that is ever seeking
Some generous act to do:

Dear eyes so bright in gladness,
To loved one's faults so blind,
So eloquent in sadness,
When fortune was unkind.

Hands that were never weary
Of toil for other's sake;
Tongue that with sweet tones pleading,
Bitter words never spake:

We part with her in sorrow,
We give her up with tears,
Losing with her the blessing
Of all the coming years.

Take, then, this gift most precious,
Be to her kind and true!
And as you guard and keep her,
May God be good to you!

May 28, 1878.

[From "Who's Who in America" (corrected to date).]

Hoxie, Vinnie Ream, sculptor, b. (Ream) Madison, Wis. Attended Christian College, Columbia, Missouri. Studied art in Paris, France, under Bonnat, and in Rome, Italy, with Majoli. Received her first commission from Congress for a statue of Abraham Lincoln which is now in the Rotunda of the Capitol in Washington. Later Congress commissioned her to make the statue of Admiral Farragut which now stands in Farragut Square. Executed ideal statues of "Miriam," "The West," "Sappho," "The Spirit of the Carnival," "The Indian Girl," and ideal heads of "America," "The Morning Glory," "The Passion Flower," "The Violet," etc.; also a bust of President Lincoln for Cornell University, one of Mayor Powell, now in the City Hall, Brooklyn, a bust of the Indian chief, Sequoyah, and others. Has modeled from life portrait busts or medallions of President Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens, John Sherman, Ezra Cornell, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, Elihu B. Washburn, Wm. G. Brownlow, J. W. Nesmith, D. W. Voorhees, L. Q. C. Lamar, E. G. Ross, John H. Rice, E. C. Boudinot, Gen. J. C. Fremont, Gen. Geo. B. McCllellan and other prominent Americans; and of Cardinal Antonelli, Pere Hyacinth; of Spurgeon in his temple; of Kaulbach and Doré in their studios; of Franz Liszt, and others. Commissioned by the State of Iowa to make a statue in bronze of Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood, to be placed in the National Capitol. Married Lieut. Richard L. Hoxie, U. S. Engineers (now Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army). Address 1632 K Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

[From "The Washington Post," April 6, 1908.]

Eulogy of Mr. Noyes. Many distinguished men pay tribute to dead editor. Gather in National Theater. Vice-President Fairbanks, Secretary Root, Henry Watterson, Commissioner MacFarland, Justice Stafford, and Myron Parker speak in gratitude of work in Washington of Journalist.

Following Commissioner MacFarland's introductory remarks Vice-President Fairbanks was introduced. He said in part:

"Mr. Noyes was a type of the very best citizen. He went about the performance of his daily work among his fellow-men with quiet modesty. His good deeds were their own herald. He felt that every man owed a duty to his day and generation, and that was to serve his fellowmen to the best of his ability and to the best of his opportunity. He asked no favor except the opportunity to do good. Increased opportunity, in his judgment, simply put upon him added obligations. These he welcomed and discharged to the utmost of his power.

"Mr. Noyes adorned a noble profession. He was the best type of a modern journalist. He appreciated fully the dignity and power of journalism, and sought to lift it above mere commercial considerations. 'The most essential facts,' said he, 'in the makeup of the ideal journalist are the upright, conscientious, and wholesome mind which desires strongly to right things for the welfare of others, including the public, and the brain, will, and energy which put these desires into practical effect, in spite of all obstacles.' In this utterance he unconsciously mirrored himself. His definition found its practical interpretation in the great journal he did so much to create. He always held true to his ideal.

"As an editor he occupied a position of commanding power. He believed that journalism had a distinct mission, and that was to promote the social, intellectual, and moral interests of mankind. He believed that an editor was in the best sense a tribune of the people, and that he should voice their highest and best aspirations.

"It was particularly fortunate, not only for the life of this great city, but for the entire country, that such a man as Mr. Noyes should have labored here during the history-making epoch of the last half century. The sanity of his course and the purity of his patriotism, the soundness of his views upon governmental policies, the fearlessness of his utterance, and the sturdiness of his courage, made him a force for good beyond the boundaries of the Capital. Many statesmen and many journalists took their inspiration from his pen. They often carried his influence into the ultimate law and into the public administration.

"Our friend was in every fiber of his being honest, high-minded, and courageous. It is a gratifying fact that those who knew him best and most appreciated his work and worth will erect here, where his life was spent, a monument to his memory—here, where dwell so many memories of men who served well the state. The nation's Capital is enriched with monuments commemorating the achievements of soldiers, statesmen, publicists, scientists, and scholars, who did deeds for their country and their countrymen. A monument in honor of the memory of our friend will worthily take a place among them."

Ideal Bust

Minute Ream, Sc., 1868.

[From the "Sunday Star," Washington, February 9, 1913.]

Personal Recollections of Lincoln—Vinnie Ream tells of a Girl's Impressions of the Great Emancipator—The Opportunity of a Young Girl to Study Lincoln in the Days that Immediately Preceded His Assassination—The Girl Sculptor's Visits to the White House—The Great Tragedy.

"The opportunity that I had to study Abraham Lincoln," said Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie recently in her Washington home, "was, indeed, unusual, because of its intimacy and because of the unusual conditions under which I saw him. There were a good many people who were rather closely acquainted with Lincoln and who, I think, appraised his character rather correctly. Most of them are, however, long since dead.

"When I knew him and spent half an hour daily with him while modeling my statue, he was nearing that greatest of tragedies in American history, the assassination in the theatre. So I knew the ultimate man. I met him also as an impressionable young girl of sixteen, and the intuitions of such a child as I was are very apt to be correct. The mind at that age is as plastic as clay and receives an impression as readily, and that impression is likely to harden and be permanently retained. At sixteen I was mature enough to grasp very well the character of the man. I was young enough also to be alive to-day and yet not so very old. So, I think, I am in a position which gives me an advantage over almost anyone else in the world with reference to personal impressions of the war-time President."

Mrs. Hoxie, who was thus being interviewed, may be regarded as having a right to speak with authority on the personality of Lincoln, for it was she who, as Vinnie Ream, the girl sculptor, made the statue of him which was purchased by the federal government itself and set up in the rotunda of the Capitol as the true Lincoln. It, of them all, was the likeness of the great emancipator which his friends and intimates, then alive and capable of judging, pronounced as the embodiment of the actual man.

She it was to whom Congress later awarded the contract for the statue of Farragut, despite the fact that no other woman has ever been favored by such awards. She it is who has just completed a second statue for the Capitol, that of Governor Kirkwood of Iowa, and who has received yet another order for a statue for the same great building, this latter being of Sequoyah, the Indian, to be made for Oklahoma.

"Lincoln had been painted and modeled before, and when friends of mine first asked him to sit for me he dismissed them wearily until he was told that I was but an ambitious girl, poor and obscure. He granted me sittings for no other reason than that I was in need. Had I been the greatest sculptor in the world I am quite sure I would have been refused.

"I came for half an hour every day. I was the merest slip of a child, weighing less than ninety pounds, and the contrast between the raw-boned man and me was indeed great. I sat demurely in my corner and begged Mr. Lincoln not to allow me to disturb him. It seemed that he used this half-hour as a time for relaxation, for he always left instructions that no one was to be admitted during that time.

"He seemed to find a strange sort of companionship in being with me, although we talked but little. His favorite son, Willie, had but just died, and this had been the greatest personal sorrow in a life that was mostly sorrowful. I made him think of Willie. He often said so and as often wept.

"I think that history is particularly correct in writing Lincoln down as the man of sorrow. The one great, lasting, all-dominating impression that I have always carried of Lincoln has been

that of unfathomable sorrow, and it was this that I tried to put into my statue. When he sat for me I believe he let himself go and fell into the mood that was ever within him, but against which he struggled. He never told a funny story to me. He rarely smiled.

"I remember him especially in two attitudes. The first of these was with his great form slouched into the chair at his desk, his huge feet extended, his head bowed on his chest, deeply thoughtful. I think he was, during those moments, following in mind some such thing as the operation of the army of Grant against Richmond, appraising the horrible sacrifices that every day brought upon the people of his nation, feeling that all the deaths that wisdom and forethought might prevent would and should be laid at his door. He was hearing the cries of suffering that were coming from the prisons and the sobs of the mothers for sons, lost like his own.

"The second attitude that he most often assumed was by the window that looked out upon the White House lawn. I always thought that when he stood by the window he was looking out for Willie, for he had watched the boy play many an afternoon from that very window. It was as he stood by the window that the great tears would course down his hollow cheeks, and he would be forced to dry them with his handkerchief. On two or three occasions he was so broken with his grief that he sank into a chair by the window and wept aloud. A big, strong man broken by grief is always a tragic thing to see, but never was there grief equal to Lincoln's.

"In all the months that I had my daily half-hour with Lincoln the order that we were not to be interrupted was broken but twice, and in each of these interruptions the breach was strangely illustrative of the character of the man. The first person who intruded upon the rest hour was a woman of middle age. She was the mother of a boy who had worn the gray and who had been captured and was in the old Capitol prison.

"The mother wanted a pass to see her boy, and such a pass required the signature of the President. Lincoln listened graciously to the woman's plea, wrote a pass with his own hand and apologized that the boy was being kept from his home. The second woman was young and pretty, and she blushed when she started, falteringly, to state her mission. The President anticipated her request, said that he knew by her blushes that she wanted to see a sweetheart, and granted her request in advance.

"These visits to the White House continued for five months. Through all this time the personality of Lincoln was gradually sinking deeper and deeper into my soul. I was modeling the man in clay, but he was being engraven still more deeply upon my heart.

"Then finally came the great tragedy. I was in our house on Capitol Hill that terrible night. My parents had been out for the evening. They returned about midnight and as they were entering the house someone hurrying past called out to them that the President had been murdered. The murder of a President of a great nation is a most terribly tragic thing at best. I well remember how thoroughly awed were all the people I met at the time of the assassination of Garfield and of McKinley. That the assassin should reach so high appalls even the person who has no personal tie to that dignitary.

"So of course I was moved beyond measure at the death of Lincoln. I was prostrated. It was days before I could pull myself together and realize that the thing had actually happened. I think the horror of it may have had the effect of impressing even more vividly upon me the personality of the martyred President. The success of the statue that I subsequently made was attributed to its trueness to the actual Lincoln. My ability to produce it was unquestionably due to those half-hours in the quiet of the President's office, and to the searing in of the image by the great tragedy."

Vinnie Ream

(From "La Follette's Magazine," Madison, Wisconsin, December, 1914.)

Vinnie Ream Hoxie.

Vinnie Ream Hoxie, noted as a sculptor, died at her Washington home November twentieth. While still a very young girl in her early teens Lincoln sat for her at the White House. Her statue of him stands in the rotunda of the National Capitol. Its simplicity and naturalness make you feel it is the real Lincoln. Its lifelike lines must always be loved and admired by the throngs of people who pass it daily. She also made the commanding statue of Admiral Farragut in Farragut Square, which the Hoxie home overlooks. Many other statues of distinguished men were made by her and she created many beautiful imaginative pieces. Her genius included music. She would sit at the harp or piano and play accompaniments which she composed to the songs and melodies she sang with strange sweet power.

Mrs. Hoxie was greatly loved and will be greatly missed. Few residents of the Capital were as widely known. Her house was a center of hospitality and rare interest. People from all parts of the world met under her roof. It was always a privilege to take a friend to her salon. She had a magnetism and charm that won the heart and a very keen discriminating intelligence.

While she had the free spontaneous nature of the artist, yet she always impressed me as very wise and democratic in her judgment and value of people. Those wonderful dark eyes seemed to read at a glance all there was to know. She saw through all that was superficial and looked straight into the soul.

Madison, Wisconsin, was Vinnie Ream's birthplace and because it is our home, she and General Hoxie welcomed us as friends when we came to Washington, and since then we have felt that we belonged to each other's inner circle. The children adored her and must always count her love and memory among their richest blessings. For the Holidays she would send them gifts, keepsakes, sweetmeats; from the Iowa farm there would come apples and nuts and flowers, always with joyous greetings that gave them the flavor of fairyland. And she would tell stories of her experiences so simply yet dramatically that they must ever remain indelible.

None who knew her can ever forget her. Nor shall we ever expect to meet another like her. For she was different and belongs to the immortal great.

She wore her wedding gown and lay peacefully as though asleep in the room banked with flowers. The General was very brave. He was glad she did not have to bear the pain of earthly separation; he was better prepared to meet it. Yet our hearts ached for the lonely man who had so long lived to love and protect Vinnie Ream Hoxie.

[From "The Evening Star," Washington, November 20, 1914.—Theodore W. Noyes, Editor.]

Mrs. Hoxie dies at home here. First woman to receive commission from government for work of sculpture. Ill for eight weeks; funeral next Monday. Constant stream of sorrowing friends call at K Street residence to express condolence.

Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the sculptor, who had the distinction of being the first woman to receive a commission from the Government of the United States for a work of sculpture, died at 6 o'clock this morning at the family residence, 1632 K Street Northwest. Mrs. Hoxie's death followed an illness of eight weeks.

Funeral services are to be held at 2.30 o'clock Monday afternoon at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square.

Mrs. Hoxie is survived by her husband, Gen. R. L. Hoxie, and by one son, Richard Ream Hoxie. A sister, Mrs. Mary Ream Fuller, also survives, there being no near relatives aside from two nephews who live in the west.

Mrs. Hoxie was stricken with the illness, which later terminated fatally, while at her home in Iowa. She was brought to Washington on a special train, accompanied by two trained nurses, in the hope that the change and the treatment she might receive here would prove beneficial.

During her illness scores of messages of inquiry were received from friends in this country and abroad, and many Washington friends have called daily at the Hoxie home, anxiously inquiring as to the condition of the sufferer. Within a short time after the fact of Mrs. Hoxie's death became known today a constant stream of sorrowing friends began to call at the home to leave messages of condolence and expressions of their personal grief at the passing of the famous sculptor.

Came Here as Child.

Mrs. Hoxie was born in Madison, Wisconsin, September 25, 1847, daughter of Robert Lee and Lavinia McDonald Ream. When a child she came to Washington to live, her father having accepted a position here. Several years later the family moved west again, and she was educated at Christian College, Missouri. At school Miss Ream wrote several songs, which were set to music and published. During the civil war the family returned to Washington, and Miss Ream obtained a clerkship in the Post Office Department. Subsequently she gave up the position to study art, and soon devoted her time exclusively to sculpture. She received her training under Bonnat in Paris, and Majoli in Rome. May 28, 1878, Miss Ream married Richard Leveridge Hoxie, then a first lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, U. S. A.

To Mrs. Hoxie belonged the distinction of having been the first woman from whom a statue was ordered by the United States Government. She received from Congress a commission to execute a life-size statue of Abraham Lincoln, which for years occupied an honored position in Statuary Hall in the Capitol, and now stands in the rotunda. Later she was commissioned to make a statue of Admiral Farragut, which now stands in Farragut Square. The residence at the southeast corner of 17th and K streets northwest, where Mrs. Hoxie had lived for many years, faces this square, and from its windows an excellent view of the heroic statue of the famous admiral may be obtained. The statue is cast from the bronze of the propeller of the *Hartford*, Admiral Farragut's flagship.

Vinnie Ream Hoxie

The statues of Lincoln and Farragut are perhaps the best known of the many pieces of sculpture which Mrs Hoxie executed. Others include ideal statues of "Miriam," "The West," "Sappho," "The Spirit of the Carnival" and "The Indian Girl;" also busts in marble, including one of President Lincoln, which was made for Cornell University. Mrs. Hoxie modeled from life portrait busts or medallions of Gen. George B. McClellan, Thaddeus Stevens, John Sherman, Ezra Cornell, Gen. J. C. Fremont, T. Buchanan Read, Elihu B. Washburn, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, General Grant, Albert Pike and other prominent Americans.

During the years Mrs. Hoxie spent abroad studying and preparing the statue of President Lincoln she produced portrait busts of Cardinal Antonelli, Pere Hyacinthe, Dr. Spurgeon, Franz Liszt, Gustave Dore and Kaulbach. Her most recent piece of work was a life-size statue of Gov. Samuel J. Kirkwood of Iowa in bronze. She was commissioned by the legislature of Oklahoma to execute a statue of Sequoyah, an Indian chief, who is closely associated with the early history of that state.

The sketches of Lincoln which formed a basis for Mrs. Hoxie's statue of the martyred President were made in the White House. Mrs. Hoxie was in her teens at the time. About six months after they had been commenced and before Mrs. Hoxie had executed the clay model of her statue President Lincoln was assassinated.

Accompanied by her mother and father, she went to Rome to have the clay model duplicated in the snowwhite marble of the famous quarries of Carrara. While there she became acquainted with Franz Liszt, the composer, of whom she executed a bust. The bust of Cardinal Antonelli also was made by Mrs. Hoxie during her stay there.

In Paris, on her journey homeward, she met Gustave Dore, the famous illustrator and sculptor, and in Munich, Kaulbach, the painter. Both sat for her. On her return journey she also met Spurgeon, the great religionist, of whom she executed a medallion.

Interesting Social Life.

Mrs. Hoxie carried on year after year in her home on K street a most interesting social life which had a unique charm of its own. Back of it was the kindly sympathy and affection she felt for every one who crossed her path and for whom she always wanted to do something helpful. Her courtesies and kindnesses were consistent expressions of a big heart, and it is not surprising that all who came within her acquaintance remember scores of instances to show it. Her days at home were always crowded affairs, and while carried on of late years with some personal inconvenience because of her failing health, they did not lack the interest of her friends, both old and new. She loved young people, and especially the grandsons and granddaughters of the old residential families, whose heads were her contemporaries, and her happiness was very great when these young people showed that they had inherited the family regard for her. She was proud when she had people of attainment about her, in the arts or sciences, and many a youthful career received encouragement from her.

She was devoted to music, played the harp in her younger days, and made an interesting figure in late years at that instrument or at her piano while she sang the airs she loved in her childhood.

Mrs. Hoxie, in her affection for young girls, never missed an opportunity to be among them. She gave many happy hours to their instruction and pleasure, modeling in clay before academy and other classes, choosing for her subjects one or another of the notables who would be present among the guests. She was devoted to local charities, especially to the work for the blind.

[From "The Evening Star," Washington, Nov. 22, 1914 (editorial).—Theodore W. Noyes, Editor.]

Vinnie Ream Hoxie.

Vinnie Ream Hoxie, whose death is mourned by a multitude of Washingtonians, was for many years one of the most interesting members of this community. She was best known to the public as the woman who made a statue of Abraham Lincoln, this distinction arising not merely from the high artistic merit of the work itself, but from the fact that at that time there were very few women sculptors. Today there are many, and it may never be known just how much they owe to Mrs. Hoxie for her pioneer performance. But "Vinnie Ream," as she was so fondly known for years, even after her marriage, did much other work than the "Lincoln," and her standard of taste and of execution was always high. Added to her artistic achievements, Mrs. Hoxie was blessed with a charming personality that brought her many warm friends, who now mourn her loss as that of an exceptional woman, always sympathetic in the sorrows of others, always eager to help, unflagging in her charities and practical philanthropies.

The Muse of Poetry

Vinnie Ream, Sc., 1867–70

This statue in bronze surmounts her monument in Arlington National Cemetery. Underneath the figure is a medallion of the sculptor and the inscription

"Vinnie Ream"

"The words that would praise thee are impotent"

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